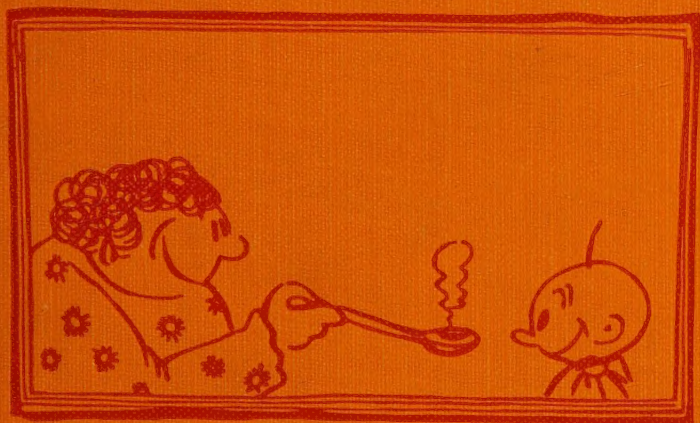


NIZE BABY



BY
MILT GROSS

GROSS EXAGGERATIONS

NIZE BABY

MILT GROSS





NIZE BABY

BY
MILT GROSS



ILLUSTRATED
BY THE AUTHOR

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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NIZE BABY

— A —

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO
THE GUY
THAT INVENTED DUMB-WAITERS
AND THIN WALLS THIS BOOK
IS GRADUALLY DEDICATED.

MILT GROSS

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NIZE BABY

NIZE BABY

I

BABY ATE OPP ALL DE PILLS—ISIDOR BECOMES A
CHOLLY CHEPMAN

Second Floor—Did we hev excitement lest night
in de houze, Mrs. Feitlebaum!— —Was almost by
us a calumnity!

First Floor—What was?

Second Floor—Hm! What was, she esks!! I
tut what we'll gonna hev to call a nembulence!

First Floor—Iy-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi!! WHAT
WASS? ? ?

Second Floor—What was? Mine woister ene-
mies shouldn't hev it! De baby ate opp all de
pills! !

First Floor—Iy-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi! DE PILLS!
He ate opp? ? ? ?

Second Floor—Yeh; de pills. I was stending,
pilling potatoes, und was falling on de floor de

potato pills. Und he was crippling on de floor, so he ate opp all de pills! ! !

First Floor—De potato pills he ate ! ! Yi-yi-yi-yi-yi— Und what did you did?

Second Floor—I ran queeck in de medicine chest, und I took out a box peels—und I gave him queeck a pill he should take. Und now he's filling motch better.

Third Floor—So, Isidor! ! ! Benenas you swipe from de pushcar'; ha? (SMACK!) A Cholly Chepman you'll grow opp, maybe, ha? (SMACK! !) I'll give you. (SMACK!) Do I (SMACK!) svipe? (SMACK! !) Does de momma (SMACK! ! !) svipe? (SMACK! ! !) From who you loin dis? (SMACK!)

Fourth Floor—Well, she's forty if she's a day—and you oughta see her mornings—her and her permanent wave! Huh—she musta got it carryin' wash baskets around on her head. What, me worry? ME? I ain't givin' her a thought, Mrs. Klepner, I assure you. Huh! Far be it from me to talk behind people's backs. Whatever's on my mind I come out with—you know that, Mrs. Klepner—but if I was that woman's husband— Although he's no bargain, either. Didn't we trip over him in the vestibule the other night?— And

they owe the whole town—— Sh! Here comes the ice man. Tell him you didn't see me. (SLAM.)



Courtyard—(Enter bum, singing).

'Ave you 'eard of Kitty Ketchum,

(Takes hat off.)

Victim of a rich man's gime—

(Looks up hopefully.)

'Ow she ran away to Lun'non?

(Holds hat up.)

Isn't it a bloomin' shime!!!

(Nothing drops into hat.)

'Ere is 'im wiv all 'is money,

(*Waves hat.*)

Goes wiv 'er as is so poor,

(*Windows shut.*)

Keepin' 'er from 'er rely-shuns!

.

OY ELI—EL-I-EEEEEEEE! EL-I-EEEE—

(*Windows open, shower of nickels, dimes, quarters, pennies. Two salamis and one old suit fall down.*)

Second Floor—Oohoo! OOHOO!! Wachtable Man!!! OO-HOO! Wachtable man!! YOO-HOO! What you got?

Basement—I gotta . . honions . . stringa binz . . . speenich . . grappa frootz . . . pineopples preena pep . . . cucumbs . . . swede potatoes . . . musharooms . . stroomberries . . . cabbages. . . . You lika maybe nice carrotz . . collyflows . . . aggplantz . . . radeesh . . . sporragoos? Nice-a plooms . . . pitches . . . bananz.

Second Floor—Hm! Never mind. I teenk, what I'll cook batter epricots mitt stoot proonz.

II

PRASIDENT COOLIDGE RIDES ON IRON HUSS—ISIDOR
STAPS WIT NEW SHOES ON JALLYFISH

Second Floor—Was quiet by you in de houze lest ewening, Mrs. Feitlebaum. Where deed you was?

First Floor—To de moowies we want. Hm! Was playing a beaudyful peetcher—De Iron Huss.

Second Floor—Dis is de one wot it's got in it Prasident Coolidge, no?

First Floor—Und Ben Toipin's a brodder we saw.

Second Floor—A BRODDER?

First Floor—Yeh, yeh, Ben Toipin's a brodder—Dick Toipin. Ees he hendsome! Und Tom Meex——

Second Floor—I like badder Adolf Benjo——

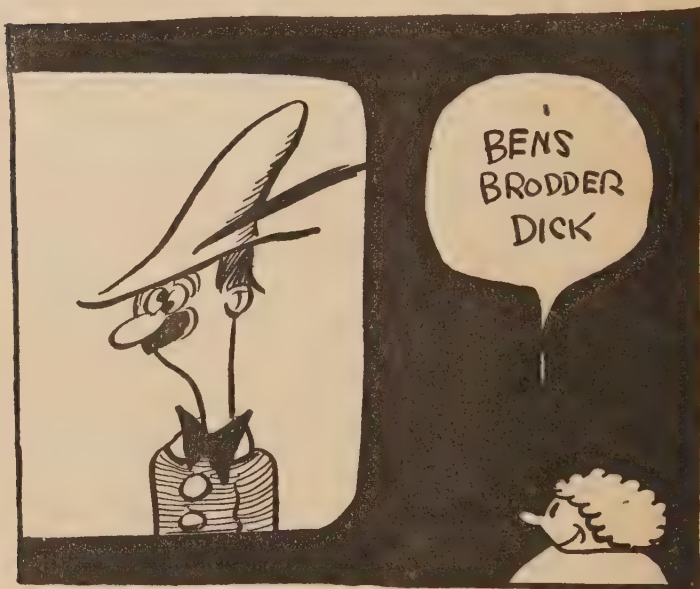
First Floor—Dot willian wot he plays wit Bibby Deniels wit de mustash?

Second Floor—Dot's de one wot she merried in Peris a marcus—no?

Third Floor—So, Isidor, wit de new shoes on a jallyfish you stapping, ha? (SMACK) For dees I'm giving you a heducation, ha? (SMACK! !)

Voice—Mowriss, not in de had!

Third Floor—SHARROP! I'll geeve heem (SMACK! !) dot he wouldn't know (SMACK! !), from where it came from (SMACK! !).

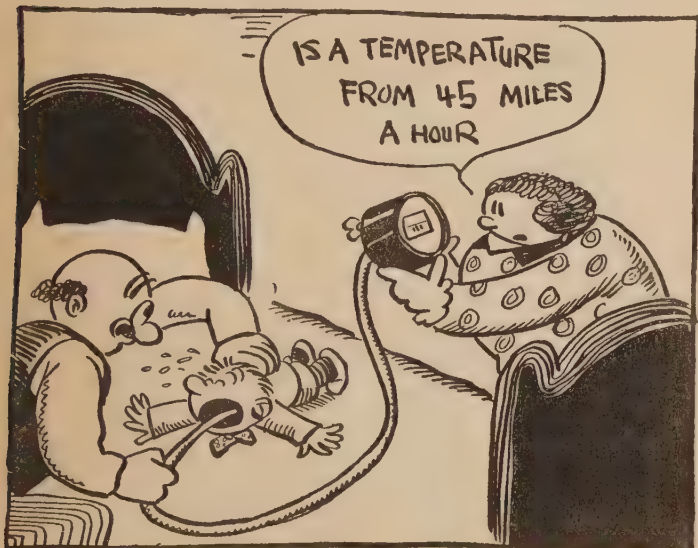


Second Floor—Sotch bad breeding wot mine Looy hed all his life, Mrs. Feitlebaum! Was tar-rible!

First Floor—Und now is better?

Second Floor—Yeh, he hed lest week de tonsils cot out and now he breeds moch better, denks.

Fourth Floor—Hollo! Hollo! Hoperator!
 Hollo! Who's dere by de shvitzbud? Hollo! I
 vant Haudabon—hate—vun—ho—fife. Hate!
 HATE! Vun, two, tree, fur, fife, seex, saven, hate!

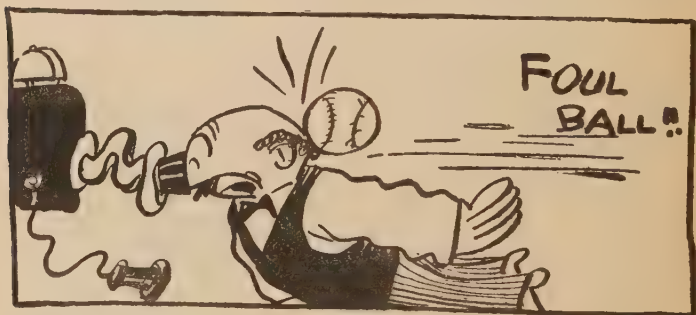


HATE vun ho fife. Hollo! Dr. Elitzak? Rosh
 over queeck! De baby hez a hitch. A hitch! It
 hitches him und he scretches. It's maybe mizzles
 odder scollet fivver odder poison ivory. Vot——?
 How moch he's got fivver I couldn't tell. Ve broke
 lest veek de speedometer.

III

ISIDOR DEEDN'T TOOK DE CESTEROIL

Third Floor—So, Isidor—— Again you was by dot bum in de houze (SMACK!) You shouldn't go (SMACK) by dot bum (SMACK) in de houze



(SMACK!!) Weendows you break, ha?
(SMACK!) Wot I gotta (SMACK) pay for it
(SMACK). A baseball fighter you'll grow opp,
maybe (SMACK). I'll tich you (SMACK) a lesson
(SMACK!) (Morris! Morris!! sh-h! sh!! It's
a shame for de neighbors) SHARROP!! I'll
geeve him (SMACK). Dot bum (SMACK!) Dot
he'll grow opp (SMACK) a respectable poison!!!



Fourth Floor—Oohoo!! Oohoo! Hiceman!
Oohoo! Hiceman! Send me opp a piece hice.

Basement—How much?

Fourth Floor—For tan cents—a piece hice.

Basement—Owww! Well, kin ya beat dat fer a noive! Wow! Dis zis gittin' t' be a swell racket. I'm tinkin' o' trowin' away me pick and buyin' a nutcracker—an' a sugar tongs. Hey! Wot's de idea? Someboddy makin' a highball up dere? A ten-cent hunk of ice!! Woddayuze do, keep ye old cloes in de ice box up dere? A fine racket dis is toinin' out t' be. Dey'll be wantin' ya ta call for dere stuff an' keep it in d' wagon for dem next!!!

Third Floor—So, Isidor—you didn't took de cestor oil, ha? (SMACK!!) You promised me you'll gonna took it and you didn't took it, ha? (SMACK!) Is dissa system?? (SMACK!!!)

Voice from first floor—So you had last night a wooden wadding, Mrs. Feitlebaum—?

Third floor—To-morrow you'll took de cestor oil, ha? (SMACK!!) All day long you prectis-ing witt a coffee grinder to be a motorman, ha!! Better you should prectise witt a feedle, ha? (SMACK!!!)

Voice from basement—GARBAGE?

Chorus—NO! DON'T WANT ANY!

IV

MITTING FROM TENORS—ISIDOR BREENGs WILD ENIMIL IN HOUZE

Second Floor—So you hed yesterday a mitting from de tenors Mrs. Feitlebaum—!! I'm sowrry what I couldn't was!!

First Floor—Hm. You was weesiting in de Brunx! Vell, dees time you couldn't was—next time you'll be.

Second Floor—How was it de mitting?

First Floor—How was!!! Foist all de tenors met gredually by Mrs. Goldfarb in flat. Den itch one gave a leest from his trobbles——. You should hear trobbles Mrs. Klepner——

Second Floor—What kind trobbles??

First Floor—Wot kind trobbles!! De wolls, wid de cillings wid de stimhitt, wot it's frizzling—wid de plester wot it's crecking, wid de pipes wot it's licking, wid de floors wot it's cricking—wit de—mmm! mmmm! Dot doidy crook from a lendlor:—somebody should ketch a hold from him and tear him out de hair from his had!



Second Floor—So what rimained from de mitting?

First Floor—So we had a woote from de tenors—Ith one gave a woote, so was elected Mr. Goldstein de loyyer, he should be a committeh, from de tenors to go wid a weesit to de lendlor!!—mmmmm! dot doidy crook! Somebody should only ketch a hold from him and tweest him off a ear!!!

Second Floor—So wot was— —

First Floor—So he made a spitch!!! Was so: —“Fellow tenors! mitt tseetizens! mitt tex-payers from dees here appotament house!!! !!! De cillings is commink down und de rantz is goink opp!!! Already we have in dees appotament houze **SIX FRAGRANT WIOLATIONS FROM DE BOAD OF HELT RULES!!!** But we shell not sobmeet!!!!—I repitt, in de woids from de great pastryot, Stiffen De Caterer! “**MEELIONS FOR DEFENCE BUT NOT ONE CENT FOR TREEBUTE!!!!**”

Second Floor—Hm!! Dot’s de wonderful spitch wot he made—Hm I tut’ll gonna be someting—someting—megnifitcent!! someting—a—you know a **SPITCH!!!**

First Floor—So is no good??

Second Floor—Of cuss, is no good—Vot is mit

dis fence? De tenors iss worryink about de wolls, wid de cillings wid de floors wid de pipes—und he talks about DE FENCE! !

Third Floor—So Isidor—A dug you breenging in de houze, ha! (SMACK! !)—a dug-catcher you became all from a sudden, ha! (SMACK! ! !)—a manegerie you're (SMACK!) making me (SMACK!) in de keetchen, ha (SMACK) HA? ? Wild enimils I need here, ha? (SMACK!) It's enough wot I got you (SMACK! !) Take him out queeck from de houze or I'll geeve you (SMACK!)



wid de strep! ! Phooy! Gerradahere you doidy dug—(GRRRRRR—GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR—) No—nice duggie, nice duggie (SMACK! ! !)

Second Floor—So what gredually rimained from de mitting, Mrs. Feitlebaum—

First Floor—It rimained, dot instead wot dey'll gonna call for de gobbage at seex o'clock like usual every day, dey'll gonna call at fife.

V

LINCOLN DEEDN'T MADE PEECTCHERS FROM DE TITCHER

Second Floor—Sotch a noive wot dot woman has, Mrs. Feitlebaum!! She's complainink to me wot mine Oiving trew on her Esther spitzballs in school.

First Floor—Hm! SHE'S talking yet! She should look better on her own doidy keeds! Wot dey aggrawaiting mine husband all day long in de store. Dey commin' in for a penny Indian nuts—like it belongs to dem de whole America.

Second Floor—She comes opp to me und she says, Mrs. Klepner, I weesh dot you would chestice your boy! Hmm! It irrigated me SO I felt like to ketch a hold from her and throw her out from a ween-dow.

First Floor—Iy-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi!!

Second Floor—So I told her, I sad, I dun't weesh wot you should comming arond here making incinerations abbout mine children!!!

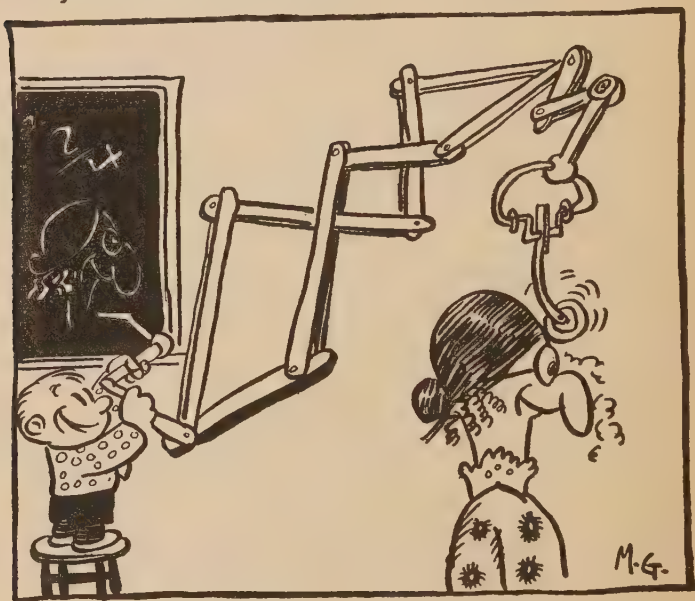
First Floor—GOOT!!

Second Floor—Foidemore, I told her, so I sad, boys will be boisterous. Und girls will be goil-

sterous so gerradhere queeck from de houze before
I scretch you off de roodge mitt de powder from
your doidy face.

First Floor—Goot!!

Third Floor—So Isidor, letters I'm getting al-
ready from de Principal, ha! (SMACK) Funny



peetchers you makin from de titcher, ha!
(SMACK) Dot's de respect wot you got, ha!
(SMACK) A cotooneest you'll grow opp maybe,
ha! (SMACK) Did Lincoln (SMACK) made
peetchers (SMACK) from de titcher? (SMACK.)

VI

LOOY, DOT DOPE, GEEVES A COT DE FEENGER

Second Floor—Hm! Did we had it a day yesterday, Mrs. Feitlebaum—I tut wot I'll gonna get population from de heart!

First Floor—Wot was? ?

Second Floor—Wot was? ? Mine son Looy dot dope—he ulmost cot off a hend! !

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi yi! How it heppened?

Second Floor—How it heppened! ! He looks always for boggains—dot smot business men wot he is. So lest week it comes along a cruke from a bobber—und he sold it to him a pair of second-hand cleepers and he was tryink to feex it und it jumped out gredually de knife und it cot him de feenger!

First Floor—Yi yi yi! So wot was den?

Second Floor—I ren queeck wit him in de drog store he should put on it a deesinfecting—it shouldn't dewelop an inflection.

First Floor—Is locky wot he didn't cot a wain—

Second Floor—Mm, a wain! Dot's notting—a HOTTERY you should cot! !



First Floor—A Hottery? Wot's dees?

Second Floor—Mm-m-m-m-mm—mine brodder cot once a hottery!!! Don't esk! Was so! He was sweemink in de wodder und he came out und he stepped on a clem-shell, it was shop like a niddle!! Und it went him right in de foot—Oy, was blidding someting tarrible. It's lucky what a polissman made him a tournament on de foot—so it stopped right away de blidding!!

Third Floor—So Isidor!!! (SMACK!!!) Crebs you shootink already—seven eleven—Ha?? (SMACK!!) A stout from a race trek you'll grow opp maybe (SMACK!) a Joe mit Bacesos—you'll be HA?—(SMACK) From gembling (SMACK) comes chitting!! (SMACK) From chitting (SMACK) comes stilling (SMACK) From stilling (SMACK) comes moiderers (SMACK) From moiders (SMACK) comes—— GO prectise queeck on de violin or I'll geeve you dot you'll wouldn't know from where it came from——.

VII

A MEELIONAIRE FROM REFINED SMELTS—ISIDOR GATS D ON REPUTT COD

Second Floor—Sotch a intretsting hotticle wot I was ridding lest night in de noosepaper, Mrs. Feitlebaum!!!!

First Floor—Wot was??

Second Floor—Hm!! Wot was? It was stending dere in de paper a hotticle about a meelionaire from Pittsboig—a men wot he's woit maybe from seexty meelion dollars——

First Floor—Seexty meelion dollars!!! Yi yi yi yi yi—from wot did he made all dot money??

Second Floor—From fish!

First Floor—From FISH!!!!

Second Floor—Yeh—from fish. He's got it in Pittsboig from refining smelts——

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi. De tings wot dey paying money for in dis country!!

Second Floor—So he hed it a dudder—a beautiful goil—so diss dudder she eloped mit a collision!

First Floor—Mitt a collision!!!



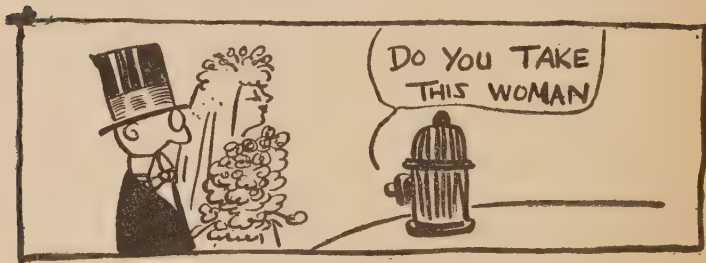
Second Floor—Yeh! A collision! A soffer-more from Yale College!! Look it's standing in de paper "Rich hearess elopes mitt a welty collision"! "Britegroom, a welty sign of a noble family—merried to dudder of nuttet steel magnet" by Jostice from de Peas merrige was wit—yi yi yi! de crazy tings wot dem sosity pipple doing!

First Floor—Wot is? ?

Second Floor—Wid a hydrant dey got merried!!!

First Floor—Wid a HYDRANT?!!

Second Floor—Yeh, yeh, look it's standing here "De wadding took place mitt de pomp end——"



Third Floor—(SMACK)!!!!!! So Isidor, a "D" on de reputt card you gattin, ha? (SMACK!) Mobbles you'll play all day, ha? (SMACK!) in-stad (SMACK) wot you should be stoddying (SMACK) de lassons! (SMACK.) Did I was sotch a dope, ha? (SMACK.) Did MINE FOD-

DER was sotch a dope, ha? (SMACK.) Benjos
(SMACK) mitt yookellellys (SMACK) mitt jezz-
time (SMACK) you know all about it, ha! But de
heestry (SMACK) mitt jometry (SMACK) mitt
pheeziics (SMACK) you don't know it, ha?
(SMACK) Is diss a system? (SMACK.)

Fourth Floor—Oohoo! Nize baby! Itt opp all
de oatmill so momma'll gonna rid him de modder
goose—leesen——

“Sink a sunk from seex pants,
A pocket full from rye,
Fur mitt twenteh bleck boids
Baked in a pie”——

*Oohoo! ! ! take anodder spoon
mitt oatmill, dollink——*

“Whan de pie was uppend
De boids begen to sink,
Wasn't dees a denty deesh
To set before de kink! ! !

De kink was in de pollar
Conting opp de moneh,
De quin was in de keetchen
Itting brad mitt honeh;

De maid was in de godden
Hanging opp de close,
Don came a bleck boid—
Und grebbed off her nose!!

Oohoo!—sotch a dollink baby! Ate opp all de
oatmill.

VIII

BY IDILL COPPLE GOES ON SOTCH A LENGWIDGE—
FAPLE FROM HARE WIT TUTTIS FOR NIZE BABY

Second Floor—You should hear a lengwidge wot its going on by dem pipple in de houze Mrs. Feitlebaum!!! A whole day long is notting but coising mitt fumigating!!!

First Floor—You mean de one wot she walks mitt de pongeranium dog?

Second Floor—Yeh, yeh—de one wot she wore lest wik de assemble suit mitt de bidden bag!!

First Floor—By dem is going on a lengwidge?? I tut wot dey lookin to be sotch a idill copple!

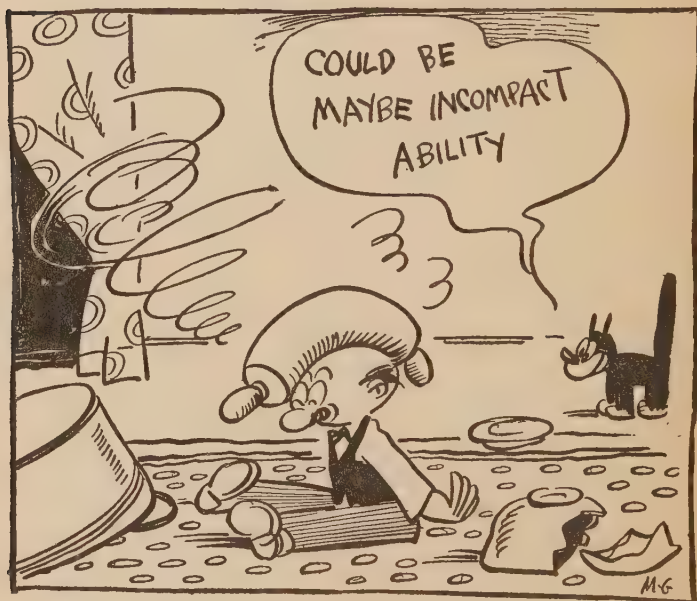
Second Floor—Hm. Sotch a hanpacked poison I never seen it in mine life.

First Floor—Hm—und hes looking to be sotch a beeg-a-a-you know—one from dem-a-a-he-blodded red man! Und she's sotch a shreemp!!!

Second Floor—Oy, dot shreemp! Is someting tarrible—Dot dope wot he is—he should geeve her once over de head wit someting it should flatter her

out like a bockwhit cake—she should remain unconscience at list a heff-hour.

First Floor—Wot could it be de trobble bitwin dem——



Second Floor—I teenk wot its incompactability from de temper!

First Floor—Hm! Dot's already a seerious ting—It becomes prectically a piscological quash-tion!

Second Floor—Sure! ! Dot's wot dey stoddying

now dees tings all de colleges mitt de anniversarys—
lot cycle-analassist.

First Floor—So wot remained from de fight? ? ?

Second Floor—So she was complainink wot hes
becomming lately werry infatuated—

First Floor—Hm, she's complainink yet!!! I
weesh wot mine Mowriss would become a leedle
more infatuated—Billive me—he could stand about
five pounds more—Hes getting lately so skinny wot
its notting left from him already—

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK!) De clothes
you deedn't change efter school, ha!! You prom-
ised me (SMACK) wot you'll gonna (SMACK)
change—und you deedn't (SMACK) change, HA!
(SMACK) Wid de new suit you'll laying a whole
day in de gutter, ha? (SMACK) To heng arond
mitt de gengsters in de front from de pull-room—
you need it new suits—ha!! (SMACK!!
SMACK) For keeking stones in de stritt you need
it new shoes, HA? (SMACK) You tink (SMACK)
wot I'M getting (SMACK) de clothes (SMACK)
for notting? (SMACK) You couldn't play a
homonica wid de sweater—Ha (SMACK) A Ben
Boinie wid de huckestra you'll wouldn't be
(SMACK.)

Fourth Floor—Oohoo!! Nize baby! Itt opp

all de farinna so momma'll gonna tell him about de Hare wit de Tuttis. Wance oppon a time de Hare wit de Tuttis decided wot dey'll gonna have a raze bitwinn dem! So de Hare, he could ron fest like a strick from lightnning—Und de Tuttis, he could only crip along gredually—(Nize baby, take anoder spoon farinna). So de Hare sad to heemself—Wot's de use I should run in de hurry—I'll take better a leedle nap—So while he was slipping de



Tuttis was crippling und crippling und crippling, und leedle by leedle he wan de raze! (Hm! sothch a dollink baby—He ate opp all de farinna! !)

IX

BABY SLEEPS ON CHEECKEN FETS—STURRY FROM RAD RIDINK HOOT

Second Floor—Hm! de tings wot it could heppen by us, Mrs. Feitlebaum—You wouldn't find it in de whole America!!

First Floor—Wot is??

Second Floor—Wot is! A whole day long de baby was sleeping on de floor——

First Floor—Sleeping on de floor!!!

Second Floor—Yeh, yeh. A whole day he was sleeping on de floor.

First Floor—Yi, yi, yi—could be maybe de sleeping seeckness?? You should better maybe take him he should be waxinated. How did it stodded in?

Second Floor—Was so—I got lest night from Mrs. Horroweetz a pot from cheecken fets—So was stending on de table de pot, so it came along mine Looy, dot dope, und he gave a knock wit de helbow—dot it fell on de floor de whole pot from fets.

So was sleepery und grizzly de floor so de baby was sleeping! !



First Floor—So wot did you did? ?

Second Floor—So I put him queeck in de bad he should go to slip——

Third Floor—So Isidor? ? (SMACK) Kites, you flying opp on de roof, ha? (SMACK). You should fall yet in de hairyway, ha? (SMACK). De clothes lines you'll break maybe, wot I'll have to pay demeges ha? (SMACK)!!! A nexident you want maybe it should heppen (SMACK) wot dey'll have to call a nembluence, ha? (SMACK) De stritt, wid a hempty lott aint beeg enoff, ha? (SMACK) On de roof you gotta ron I should gat hot failure (SMACK) wid epelexy (SMACK) wid a high blood-prassure, ha? ? (SMACK).

First Floor—Oohoo! Nize baby!!! Itt opp all de wheatinna—so momma'll gonna tell from “Leedle Rad Ridink Hoot!” Leedle Rad Ridink



Hoot was going wid a weesit to de grenmodder wot she leeved in de woots! So it came along a beeg beeg wolf und he sad “Goot-monnink, Leedle Rad Ridink Hoot—to where do you going? ?” So she sad, “I’m going to mine grenmodder wid a beeg beeg Strubbery—Shut Cake! !” So de doidy wolf he snicked in queek in de houze und he ate opp de grenmodder—(Nize baby, take annoder spoon wheatinna). So in de min time dot doidy wolf he put it on de grenmodder’s night gown und he laid down in de bad. So Leedle Rad Ridink Hoot reng de bell, so de wolf sad, “Come in dollink.” So Leedle Rad Ridink Hoot sad, “Grenmodder, wot a horse woice you got! !” So de wolf sad—“Hm—don’t esk! A whole night long I was cuffing und snizzing—I tink wott I’m getting de greep! ! !” So Leedle Rad Ridink Hoot sad, “But Grenmodder—Sotch a beeg harms wot you got!” “Hm—de better I should hog you weet dollink.” “Bot, Grenmodder—Sotch a beeg mout wot you gott! !”—“De batter I should eat you opp.”—So he jomped out from de bad dot doidy wolf—he should itt opp Leedle Rad Ridink Hoot. So it came in a honter wid a bow und harrow und he keeled de wolf. (Hm! sotch a dollink baby—ate opp all de wheatinna! !)

X

BY MRS. FEITLEBAUM IS GULLSTUNS—DOIDY DUG
CHASES OUT COW FROM MANAGER

Second Floor—So dey had it a consolation from de doctors, Mrs. Feitlebaum. So what was de diagnostics?

First Floor—Hm—Don't esk! Dey adwised me maybe wot I'll gonna have to have it a hoperation!!

Second Floor—A hoperation!! From wot a hoperation?

First Floor—From gullstuns!!!

Second Floor—From gullstuns!! Hm! It's flying around lately a regular academic from gullstuns. Sotch a wogue wot it deweloped gredually to be. I had it mineself lest year a hoperation from gullstuns.

First Floor—You had it? Witt eeter a hoperation you had?

Second Floor—Hm? Wait, I deedn't told you yat a heff from it.

First Floor—How was??

Second Floor—Was so—!! Foist it's made an

appointment wit de insulting physeeshin from de cleenic. So he says a day when you should come. So you come wit de toilet hotticles. So when I came dere dey willed me in, in de room wid a will-chair. So dey told me I should lay don gredually on de table. So de noises—hm! Did dey had it dere wonderful noises—!!

First Floor—Wonderful noises you had! Wot kind noises?

Second Floor—Hm. Trained noises—sotch a wonderful goils!! So de noises dey put it on mine face dot ting wit de eeter—a cohen I tink wot dey calling it—so dey told me wot I should bridd in dip!

First Floor—So you became unconscience!!

Second Floor—Wait! I deedn't told you yat!! So I stodded in to bridging dip! So I began to gat by me so deezy wot I couldn't consecrate de mind. It falt like I was sweeming arond in de hair like a hairsheep.

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi yi yi! So wot was??

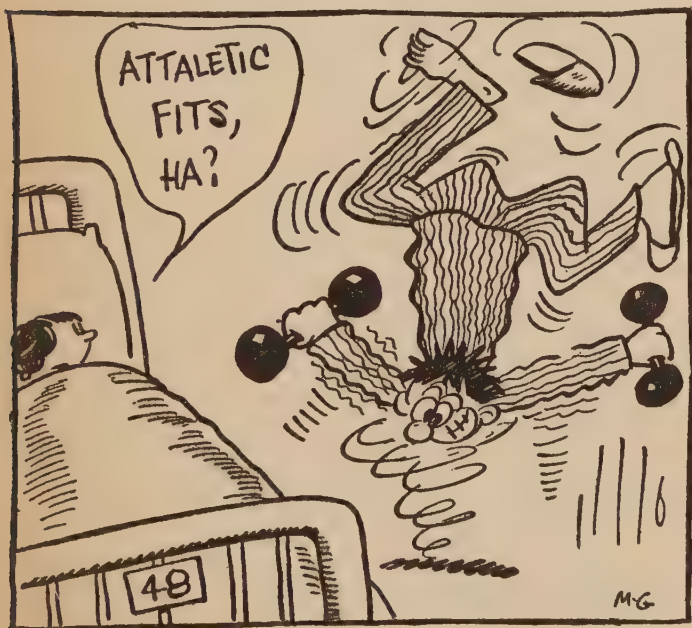
Second Floor—So I woke o_up I was laying already in de bat—so it was all banished opp by me de whole site!! Hm! did I had it a headache—mine woister enemies shouldn't have it!!

First Floor—So it was a socksess de hoperation?

Second Floor—A whole night long I couldn't slip.

First Floor—Wos boddering you maybe de—
after-defects, ha?

Second Floor—No—was cerrying on in de next
bat from me a patient someting tarrible. So I made



a complain to de head sturgeon from de hospital.
So he explained wot he was soffering from attaletic
fits!

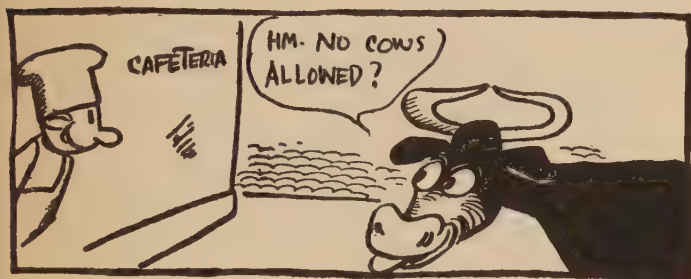
First Floor—So you came home.

Second Floor—Hm. I went for a copple of wicks to rest in a cemetary so den I came home.

Third Floor—So, Isidor! (SMACK) Wid a paddler you ronning arond to paddle de hepples, ha? (SMACK) De huss from de paddler you got to fid yet, he should bite you off maybe a feenger, ha? (SMACK) To de dalicatassen store you wouldn't go, when she esks you de momma, ha? (SMACK) De lassons wot you got to stoddy you don't do it, ha? (SMACK) Benenas you should paddle better, ha? (SMACK) A hockster you should grow opp maybe yet, ha? (SMACK.)

Fourth Floor—Oohoo nize baby, itt opp all de mosh witt milk so momma'll gonna tell you a Ferry Tale about De Dug in de Manager. Wance oppon a time was seeting a dug in a manager. So de manager was full from hay wit hoats. So it came along a cow so he said, "I'm filling a leedle hongry—I tink wot I'll goin' in de manager und have a leedle bite hay maybe." (Nize baby take anodder spoon mosh witt milk.) So it came in de cow—but dot doidy dug was sotch a crenk witt a minn ting wot you wouldn't billive it could exeest. So he stodded in to bok—"Gr-r-r-rrr! Gerraderhere, you cow! !" So de cow went away like a gantleman—so de naxt day

he came beck so dot doidy dug sad. "Grrr-rr-rrr! Gerradahere, you cow! !" So de cow sad, "Wot's de metter? You don't want me I should itt it opp



de hay? ?" So de dug sad, "NO! !" So de cow sad, "You want maybe you should itt it opp yourself de hay?" So de dug sad, "NO! I don't want I should itt it und I don't want you should itt it." So de cow sad, "Hm, you don't want you should itt it und you don't want I should itt it. Is diss a system? ? ?" (Oohoo, sotch a dollink baby ate opp all de mosh witt milk!).

XI

DE HULL KRAUT GOES BY TOIKISH BETT—GOOT-FOR-
NOTTINK GRESSHOPPER IS DONN WIT OUT

Second Floor—Where did you was lest night, Mrs. Feitlebaum? We was looking for you de hull kraut.

First Floor—So who was?

Second Floor—Hm—was dere Meesus Horroweetz witt Meesus Shapeero witt Meesus Katz witt Meesus Keplen witt Meesus Mockoweetz witt Meesus Rooybin—

First Floor—So wot was?

Second Floor—A Toikish bett!! Was lest night Ladies Night by de Toikish bett, so we went de whole kraut!

First Floor—So how was???

Second Floor—Hm! Don't esk—I feel so rejuveniled!! It simulates de noives someting wonderful! Foist we came in so we became gredually ondrassed—ha! You should see shapes, Mrs. Feitlebaum! You would have a feet from leffing! So we set in de stim room. Hm—did we trenspire!!

So, so soon wot we came out from de stim we jomped in de pull. Did I get it a cheel!! I tut wot mine teet wouldn't stop clattering! So hefter we came out from de pull itch one had it a message from a robber!

Third Floor—So Isidor—fire creckers you trowing in by de Chinee in de lundry, ha? (SMACK.) A craptical joker you become already, ha! (SMACK.) Wid a Chinee you gott to stott opp yet, ha? (SMACK.) You want maybe wot he should make from you (SMACK) a chop sooy wit de iron? (SMACK.) I need it, it should chase me yet a Tong witt de peestels may be, ha? (SMACK.)

Fourth Floor—Oohoo! Nize baby! Itt opp all de farinna so momma'll gonna tell you about de Gresshopper wid de Hant! Wance oppon a time was a gresshopper wid a hant. So in de sommer time, it was de busy sizzen, so a whole day lung de hant was woiking hod—geddering op eensects witt bogs witt all kind tings he should have to itt in de weenter time—— So de gresshopper was sotch a goot-for-nottink—a whole day lung was going on by him seenging wid jezz-time wid de Cholston dencing—hm! Did he was sewing de wild oats, dot loafer!

(Nize baby, take anodder spoon farinna—wait, momma'll wipe you off de cheen.)

So de hant he sad to de gresshopper—"Leesten gresshopper—it's not mine beezness I should meex in, but I teenk wat you should batter push away a



leedle bit someting for a rainy day." So de gresshopper gave him a henswer: "Izzy comes, izzy goes! Ish ka bibble. Denks werry motch for de advice! S'long! I got a date for a patting poddy!" So de hant sad: "Hm-mm-mm! He teenks wot he's smot! Hill find out!"

POT II

So it came gredually de weenter. Hm! Was it cold wit frizzing wit rain wit hail wit snow wit slit! So de hant was seeting inside from de house comfintable wit planty to itt, wit stim hitt, witt a weec-trola, witt a Mowriss chair. So while he was seeting it came gredually a knock on de door—so de bottler uppened opp de door—so dere was stending de gresshopper!! Hm, was he don witt out!!! Sheevering witt frizzing witt hicicles henging from him—witt holes in de shoes—witt patches in de pants. So de hant sad: “Hm! It’s YOU, ha? A penhandler you became already, ha? DEEDN’T I TOLD YOU? ?” So de gresshopper sad: “I jost walked in from Troy, N. Y. Could you spare plizze two beets for a cup cuffy?” So de hant sad: “What did you did in de sommer time, ha? ?” So de gresshopper sad: “Hm! Seenging witt dencing witt jezzing.” So de hant sad: “A whole sommer you was seenging witt dencing witt jezzing—so now is de weenter. Go play wid a wiolin.”

(Hm—sotch a dollink baby—ate opp all de farinna!)

XII

FROM CLEMS IT BECAME PIPPLE—FERRY TALE
FROM CREFTY FOX WIT WAIN CROW FOR NIZE BABY

Second Floor—Sotch a foss wid a hogument wot dey making from de revolution in Tannessee, Mrs. Feitlebaum, you'll be sooprised.

First Floor—Wot is?

Second Floor—It stends here a hotticle in de paper wot a men claims wot averybody is suspended from a monkeh!

First Floor—So by us in de family is monkehs? ? ?

Second Floor—Hm—not now is monkehs. He minns wot de hencestors was monkehs.

First Floor—So mine grenfodder was maybe a monkeh? ? ?

Second Floor—Hm—not ivvin de greatgrenfodder. Mine Looy wot he goes to Cissy N. Y. explained to me de whole teeng. Is so: it goes beck a long time—before ivvin de glazier peerod.

First Floor—So averybody was once a glazier too? ?

Second Floor—Hm—de glazier peerod—Was de hice age—foist was a hice age—den it comes gredually a—

First Floor—A coal wid a wood age maybe?

Second Floor—Foist was de hice age. Den, acurding wot mine Looy says it came gredually de stone hage—

First Floor—Hm—from dees we getting maybe de gull-stones, ha?

Second Floor—Hm—dey should worry in dem times from gull-stones. A whole day long was by



dem busy fighting wid de pre-hysterical mounsters.

First Floor—So wot was?

Second Floor—It stots in in de beegeninck—Foist averybody was a feesh—was only clemms wid hoysters wid shreemps wid soddeens, so gredually de feesh it stoddod in to grow by dem fit wit laigs. So when it came de laigs de feesh could stend opp—so dees became a henimal.

First Floor—So wot was? ?

Second Floor—So leedle by leedle de henimals dey stoddend een to got smot so de smot ones became pipples!

First Floor—Yi yi yi—From clemms it became feesh—from feesh it became henimals—from henimals it became pipples—Hm! de tings wot dey doing nowadays.

Third Floor—So, Isidor!! (SMACK) in de front from de tsigar store you're esking pipples for cooypons already, ha? (SMACK.) A baggar you should grow opp, maybe, ha? (SMACK.) Penhendlers I nidd it yat in de family it's enoff wot you brodder is a peen-boy in a boiling-elly (SMACK.) To-morrow you'll want (SMACK) wot you should seeng maybe (SMACK) in a beck yod (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo! Nize baby, itt opp all de bolly zoop, so momma'll gonna tell you a Ferry Tale abbout de Fox, witt de Crow, witt de Chizze . . . Wance oppon a time was seeting opp in a brench from a tree a crow. So she was kipping in de bick a piece from Swees-Chizze. So was wukking along a Fox wot he was sneefing witt de nose, so he smaltt gredually de chizze—und right away he began skimming how he coult ketch it away from de

crow de chizze—Hmmm! sotch a griddy critchure wot he was!!!——(Nize baby—take anodder spoon bolly zoop)——

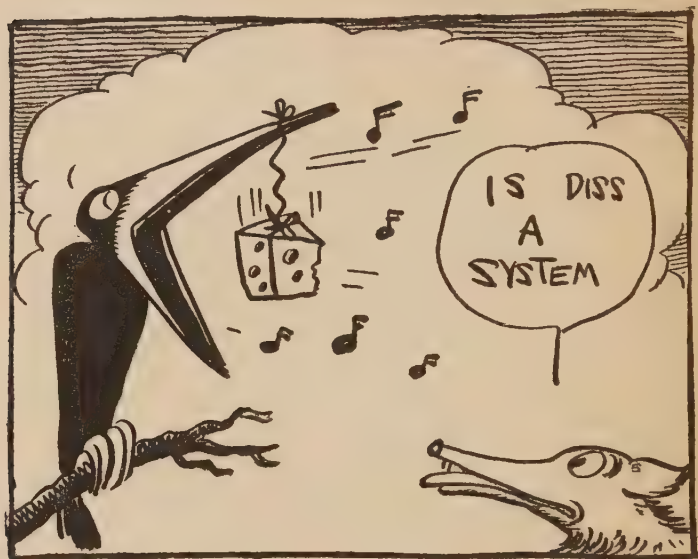
POT II

So dot crefty fox wot he was, he sad to de crow: “Goot monnink meesus crow!!! Hmmmm!!! Howbyootiful you looking!! Wot a highschool complexion you got!!! Widout roodge yet!!! Mmmmmmm . . mmm!!!! a ragular Glurria Svonson you toined out to be!!!” (Of cuss he deedn’t minn it, he was rilly appilling to her wan-ity.)

POT III

So de crow, dot dope, she stoddod in to blosh someting tarrible, so de fox said: “Hm, sotch a face wid a feegure you got like a Winnus de Milo, it’s a shame wot you couldn’t seeng!” So de crow bloshed. So de fox said: “Hm, I teenk maybe wot you’re a leedle bit bashful. You like maybe you should be cuxxed, ha? Come on, geeve a try. I’ll bat wot you could seeng ivvin batter from Merry Godden. Come, wubble a leedle sung.” So de crow, dot dope, she uppened opp de bick she should

seeng, so it fell don de chizze so de fox grebbed
it queeck in de mout und he ran away—(Mmm



. . . sotch a dollink baby, ate opp all de bolly
zoop!) . . .

XIII

ISIDOR BECOMES TSALESMAN FROM COPPIT SWIPPERS
—STURRY FROM DE FULLISH FROCK

Second Floor—De tings wot dey doing in dese days, Mrs. Feitlebaum, so is movvelous!

First Floor—Wot is?

Second Floor—Wot is! A whole wick was boddering me a tootache in de faze so I went wid a weesit to de dantist so he substrected de toot wot I deedn't ivvin fill it! !

First Floor—Netcherel! !

Second Floor—By you is netcherel, ha?

First Floor—Of cuss is netcherel. Wot's de uze he should fill a toot—wot he'll gonna abstract it immiditly? ?

Second Floor—It fell out from de toot de feeling so it remained in de toot a decade—so de dantist decided instad wot he'll gonna feel it again he'll subtrect de toot wot I wouldn't ivvin fill it—it shouldn't hoit! !

First Floor—A toot he abstrected wot it deedn't hoit! ! ! Ompossible!



Second Floor—Ompossible? You should see a izzyness witt weech dey subtreect a toot. Dey got it a inwention wot it makes de faze it should be ebbsoluteh indispensable to pain——

First Floor—Witt mashinnery dey pulling dem out, ha?

Second Floor—Who's tukking from mashinnery? Wit a local esthetic.

First Floor—Wot is?

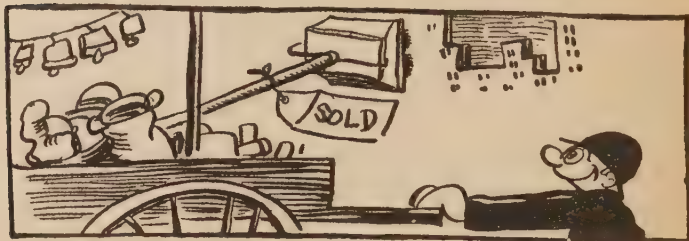
Second Floor—Is so: Dey got a soitin kind stoff wot it pallorizes de noives. So dey putting dees stoff in a niddle so wid de niddle dey injacting it in de faze—so in a copple minutes it becomes nomb de faze so you could peench it, odder squizze it, odder scretch it, odder tweest it, odder you could hammer it ivvin wid a cheesel—you wouldn't fill a ting. Is ebbsoluteh dewoid from cessation! !

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi yi yi!

Second Floor—So he gredually subtreected de toot so I goggled a leedle wit a antiskeptic it shouldn't stott opp a hammeritch so I gredually went home—!

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) de momma's coppet-swipper you sold to a jonk-paddler, ha? (SMACK) Wot it was almost been new, ha? (SMACK) A tsalesman we need it in de houze,

ha? (SMACK) Did I hesked you you should
(SMACK) sold it? ? Ha? ?—Did de MOMMA
hesked you you should (SMACK) sold it, ha?



Favors you doing for us (SMACK), ha? Where
is de moneh? ? ? To-morrow you'll want maybe
you should sell de battob? (SMACK) Wot you'll
need maybe de moneh wot you should buy hice-
cream senawiches, ha? (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo! Nize baby, itt opp all
de epplesuss, so momma'll gonna tell you a Ferry-
Tail about De Leedle Frock wid de Momma Frock.
Wance oppon a time was leeving a leedle Frock in
a frock-pound—So a whole day long he was werry
heppy, jomping witt liping wit crukking so he gred-
ually grew opp; it came to him a weesh wot he
should trevel a leedle. (Nize baby, take anodder
spoon epplesuss.) So de leedle frock sad to de mom-
ma frock, "I teenk wot I'll gonna go away for a

treep, Goot bye!" So de momma frock sad, "Hm! ! a weggabound you decided to be, ha? Noo! Noo! ! —Sotch a fullishness! !" So de leedle frock bagged her she should latt him go. So she sad, "Ullright, Go! ! Bot—be werry careful you shouldn't gat wet de fitt! ! Goot bye, dollink!"

POT II

So de leedle frock was wukking along so he came gredually to a fild. So in de fild was stending dere a beeg, beeg hox, wot he was gracing de gress! ! Hm! was he astoundished de leedle frock! ! ! So de leedle frock ren queeck home to de momma all out from bratt! So he sad, "Ooh, did I saw it a beeg enimal in a fild! !" So de momma frock sad, "Hm! a beeg enimal! Was he beeg like me? ?" So de leedle frock sad, "Hm, beeger ivvin!" So de momma frock she stood opp high on de teeptoes und ritched opp in de hair wid de hends und she sad, "So beeg?" So de leedle frock sad, "Nupp, beeger ivvin! !" So de momma frock pushed out de chast und she took a dipp dipp brat from hair und she sad, "SO beeg?" So de leedle frock sad, "Nupp! !" So de momma frock took a dipper brat wot it poffed opp gredually de chast, like a Balloon

Tire. So she sad, "So beeg? ?" So de leedle frock sad, "Nupp!" So de momma frock—puffed out still more de chast so she stodd in to take in sotch a dipp brat from hair wot she gredually axpludded und bost!—(Hm, Sotch a dollink baby—ate opp all de epplesuss!).

XIV

MRS. FEITLEBAUM TAKES DAILY DOESN'T SHE SHOULD
DIGEST DE MILL—TALE FROM FODDER WIT
SON WIT DONKEH

Second Floor—Sotch a excitement wot its going on by you in de monnink, Mrs. Feitlebaum! Wot could be de cuzz?

First Floor—Hm—You deedn't hoid?? I'm taking by a phunnagreph racket mine Daily Doesn't!

Second Floor—Wot is it de Daily Doesn't?

First Floor—Colicstennis!!!

Second Floor—So wot is it colicstennis???

First Floor—Colicstennis is a neekname wot dey geeving it Pheezical Sculpture.

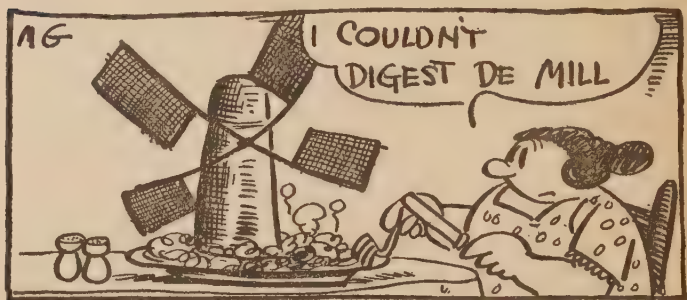
Second Floor—Oh! You minn extracizes!!! So wid a weectrola you got to extracize?

First Floor—Hm—is jost a fat wot it deweloped to redooze de weight—so in de minn-time it also reserves de forum wid de feegure!

Second Floor—So from a fat, you gatting skinny?

First Floor—Hm—a FAT—a wogue—a style! Was so!—It stoddod opp de whole trobble from

de mills—I nutticed wot efter itch mill wot I hate,
it boddered me so de bridding wot when I ren opp-



stess wit donn-stess I tutt wot I'll gonna get popu-
lation from de hott odder cute indigestion!!!

Second Floor—Yi yi yi yi yi—So wot did you
did?

First Floor—So I went by a abominal spashaleest
wot he should geeve me a torrow exzeminaton.
Hm!—you should see a exzeminaton, Mrs. Feitle-
baum. De hott, wid de longs, witt de hears, wid
de heyas witt de trutt witt de——

Second Floor—So wot was de henswer—?

First Floor—De henswer is wot I'm cerrying
too motch access wait witt supurpleous flash——

Second Floor—So wot'll gonna be? ?

First Floor—So he described wot I should take
de extracizes. So efter diss he pushed me on a dite

wot I shouldn't itt mitt, wot I shouldn't itt potatiss, wott I shouldn't itt pice witt pastries, wot I shouldn't itt corn on de cop, wot I should awoid tomatiss, witt grape froot witt peekles witt all kinds assiduuous foots . . .

Third Floor—So Isidor! (SMACK) Mine doiby hat wot I was kipping it for naxt sizzon you tore opp already, ha? (SMACK)—A instructive nature you deweloping already, ha? (SMACK) You ain't got notting wot you should do, ha? (SMACK) why you don't knock batter de had in de wall, ha? (SMACK) Wit a straw hat you want maybe



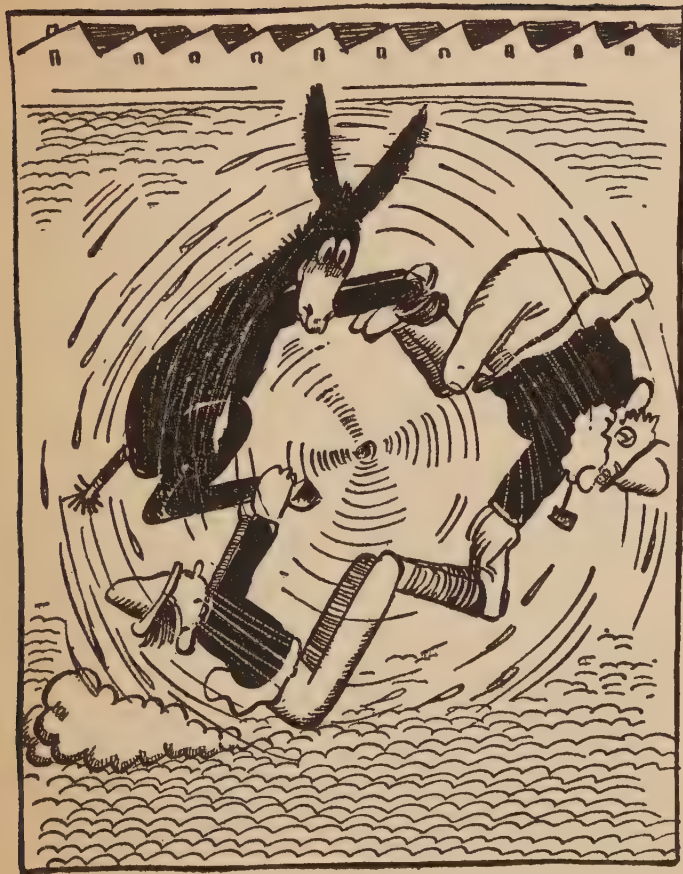
I should wukk arond naxt Chreestmas, ha? (SMACK) To-morrow you'll want maybe wot you should chop opp a tableclutt wit a scissors, ha? (SMACK)

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de

stood feegs so momma'll gonna tell you a story wot its antitled, "De fodder wit de son, wit de donkeh." Wan day was wukking along a fodder wit a son wot dey was lidding wit a alter a donkeh to de mocket wot dey should sell him. So on de stritt wot dey was pissing was stending dere pipple. So de pipple sad, "Hm, sotch a fullishness. Why you're wukking when its dere a donkeh wot you could rite on him." (Nize baby, take anodder spoon stood feegs.) So de fodder wit de son sad, "Denks for de advice." So dey jomped opp queeck on de donkeh und gave a yell—"Girryopp!"

POT II

So dey was riting along gredually so it pessed a hold lady wot she sad, "Hm, look wot it's taking two beeg broots adwantage from a domb henimal," so de fodder sad, "Wot's de metter, plizze?" So de hold lady sad, "Iss diss a system, you should rite on a poor leedle donkeh wot it's poffing witt penting witt shaking by him de knizz—wot he's becoming bendy lagged. I teenk wot I'll gonna nuttify de Society from Pretention from Croolty to Henimals!" So de fodder jomped off queeck from de donkeh so it rimained on de top only de son wot he gave a yell, "Girryopp!"



POT III

So dey was motching along, so it pessed gredually a kraut pipple wot dey sad, "Hm! ! Look a ris-pact from a son, wot he makes de old fodder should walk. Phooy! ! Goot for notting loafer, you got maybe flet feet odder falling hotches, ha?" So de son he blosched someting huffle. So he jomped uff queeck from de donkeh so it climbed opp de fodder so he gave a yell, "Girryopp!"

POT IV

So dey was motching along so it pessed anodder kraut pipple wot dey sad "Hm! Look a hod-hotted parent wot he's making a poor leedle boy he should walk. You want maybe he should strain a hankle. Ha? ? PHOOY! ! !" So de fodder wid de son dey decided as a lest resource wot dey'll gonna carry de donkeh on a steeck. So dey pushed him opp queeck on de shoulders so de fodder sad, "Now, is HO K." So jost den dey was crussing a britch so dey treeped on a tweeg so it fell in de donkeh in de wodder wot he was dronned! ! ! So was a tuttle luss.

(Oohoo, sotch a dollink baby ate opp all de stood feegs! !)

XV

ISIDOR TAKES BETT IN REEVER—IT ITTS OPP DE VULF ALL DE SHIP

Second Floor—Sotch a haxpeerence wot it happened by us lest night, Mrs. Feitlebaum—I'll rimamber it so long wot I'll leeve.

First Floor—Wot was? ?

Second Floor—Hm, don't esk. I fill wick in de knizz.

First Floor—So wot was? ? ?

Second Floor—De baby swallowed a pan! !

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi—a pan!—a frying pan, maybe—oder a deesh pan?

Second Floor—No!—a fountain pan!

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi yi—so wot'll gonna be?

Second Floor—So we took queeck a hex-ray wot it showed wot de pan is located insite from a vowel so de doctor explained - - - - - bzz - - - - - bzzzz - - - - - bzzzzzz.

First Floor—So in de minntime, wot'll be?

Second Floor—So in de minntime, we'll write wid a penzil . . .

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK), From de dock you're sweeming already in de doidy reever, ha? (SMACK) It should ron over you maybe a



farry-butt udder a bodge, ha? (SMACK) From a wuff you got to dife yet, wot you should maybe bomp wid a pile de had, ha? (SMACK) Conclusion from de brain you nidd it, ha? (SMACK) In de battob, (SMACK) is oompossible (SMACK) de momma should drife you in (SMACK) wid a timm husses (SMACK) bot in a doidy reever wot is full from dizzizez you ronning queeck, ha? (SMACK.)

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, Nize baby, itt opp all de

proon-jooze so momma'll gonna tell you a story wot it's antitled "Volf! Volf!"—Wance oppon a time was a boy, wot he had it a job he should mind in a pesture a flock from ship. So vas dere a doidy volf wot he used to snick opp und leedle by leedle he used to still foist one ship, den gredually anodder ship, de naxt time a toid ship—(Nize baby, take anodder spoon proon-jooze). So it was decided wot dey'll gonna take a precussion, so was agridd when de boy shall see de volf he shall geeve queeck a yell—"VOLF! VOLF!" So would come ronning queeck de wood-cotters dey should chop opp de volf wid de hexes. Hmm, dot doidy volf.

POT II

So one day de boy was godding de ship so he tut wot he'll gonna play a joke. So he gave a yell, "VOLF! VOLF!" So it came ronning queeck all de wood-cotters out from bratt—poffing wit penting—So dey sad "Where is de Volf?" So de boy sad, "Hapril Fool" so de wood-cotters sad, "Is dees a system?" So dey want beck to de woots. So a copple minutes later de boy, dot dope, he gave again a yell—"VOLF! VOLF!" So de wood-cotters came queeck so dey sad, "Where is de volf?" So de boy

sad, "False alarm! ! I jost felt in de nude to make a leedle joke!" So de wood-cotters went away.

POT III

So one day all from a sodden it jomped opp de volf. Hm, did he stodded in to itt opp de ship, wid de lembs wid de rems wid de hews—yi yi yi yi! Was someting huffle! So de boy gave a yell "VOLF! VOLF!" so de wood-cotters gave him a henswer, "Hm, jokes you making, ha? Tell it to Swinny." So de boy stodded in to scrim on de top from de longs "VOLF! VOLF! Halp! Volf! It's itting opp de volf de ship!" So de wood-cotters gave him a henswer, "Benena Hoil!" So in de minntime dot doidy volf he ate opp de whole flock from de ship!—(Oohoo, sotch a dollink baby! Ate opp all de proon-jooze!)

XVI

LOOY, DOT DOPE, GATS CUT IN A STRONG UNDER-
TONE—FERRY TALE FROM DE LEEDLE
FEESH FOR NIZE BABY

Second Floor—Sotch a wickation wot we spant it yasterday, Mrs. Feitlebaum!!! I'm so exussted wot I could hodly race mine heyelids.

First Floor—So where did you went?

Second Floor—Don't esk! Coney Highland!!! Whooy!! Did it was mopped!! Sotch a kraut wot it was dere—was pecked opp woister ivvin from soddinz in a teen box!

First Floor—So, how did you enjoin dere??

Second Floor—Hm! Don't esk. Seemply gud-jous!!! You should see dere spectacles wot dey got. Prefummances! Site-shows, witt fricks in a mewzimm—wit de Brodd-Walk—witt Stipplechase Pock—wid de deeps wit de slights witt de shoots wid de cruller-roaster—wot it made me yat seeck.

First Floor—Oh, you ate maybe too manny??

Second Floor—Hm, from itting yat she's tuking. De cruller-roaster!! De Giant Cruller



Roaster is a Cynic Railroad wot it goes opp witt don witt arond, opp witt don witt arond—hm, did it made me sissick witt deezy!! So efter dees we went gredually swimming in de wodder so mine Looy, dot dope, wot he tinks he's smott, he stots to go way far out. So I gave a scrim, "Looy!!! Be carefull! is a werry strong undertone in de wodder!" So he deedn't paid no attention—so it swapt him out de undertone so is locky wot it was dere two life-safers vot dey dregged him in!!!

Third Floor—So Isidor!! (SMACK) Ten cents cendy you chodged opp already on de grocery beel, ha? (SMACK) Depts you acclimating for me already, ha? (SMACK) wot I should have to fire yet a partition in benkroptcy?—maybe, ha? (SMACK) Cendy you nidd it yet bitwinn mills wot it should spoil you de heppitite, ha? (SMACK) Deed I chodged opp by mine fodder cendy, ha? (SMACK) Did de momma chodged opp by her fodder cendy, ha? (SMACK) Henswer me!!!

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de cyril so momma'll gonna tell you a Ferry Tale from de Feesherman wot he cut a leedle feesh. Wance oppon a time was a poor feesherman wot he leaved in a leedle hot. So wan day he was feeshing witt

de feeshing-rot, so he cut a leedle feesh. So de leedle feesh stodd into plid witt him und to cux him he should trow him beck in de wodder (Nize baby, take anodder spoon cyril) Und he sad—
 “Plizze meester lat me go, so you’ll see if you geeve a weesh, I’ll make it wot it should be foolfeeled de



weesh.” So de feesherman sad, “Hm, it sounds in-
 craditable, bot ennyhoe is a sleek sizzon from feesh
 so one feesh more odder one feesh lass, it’s de same
 deeference. Goot bye! Bitt it! !” So he gave a
 weesh wot instat from de doidy hot he should hev
 a nize smug leedle cottage! !

POT II

So he came home gredually—so dere it was stending. Hm! sotch a byootiful leedle cottage, nitt, witt cozy witt ivory wines, witt a sun pollar witt a sudden exposure yet! ! ! So he was werry motch related witt de goot futtchin, bot he hed a wife—mm! sotch a griddy apparitious critchure wot she was! ! So she sad: “Hm! ! Dope! ! A one femily houze dot’s all wot you could esk for? ? Go queeck beck und geeve a weesh wot I should have a beeg marble mention witt maits witt bottlers witt a seven-pessenger Catalogue huttomobill witt a shuffer witt a sillskin coat, witt a priwate yotch, witt a poodle dog! !”

POT TREE

So de feesherman went to de reever so he sad: “Oohoo, Fee-ee-eesh! ! !” So de feesh sad, “Goot monnink! Wot is now? ?” So de feesherman sad, “Don’t esk! !” So he rippitted all de tings wot his wife remanded—mmmm! dot meezerable critchure! So de feesh sad, “Ho K, Is agribble by me!” So de feesherman sad, “Denks.” So de feesh sad, “You welkin, S’lonk! !” So de feesherman depotted, extrimmingly heppy.

POT FUR

So he arrived at de designation so he tutt wot he'll gonna find de wife in a werry cheerful nude so he sad, "Hollo, switthott!! Now you settisfite, ha?" "Hm, settisfite!!! Dope you, I deedn't commence yat to scratch de soivice!! Ron queeck beck und geeve a weesh wot I should become de Quinn from de whole woild witt ulso de Sonn witt de Moon witt de Stozz—witt all de rast from de Solo System!!!"

POT FIFE

So de feesherman hivved a dipp sigh so he went beck to de reever so dere it was waiting for him already de feesh witt a omnibus fron on de faze. So de feesherman sad, "You'll oxcuse me bot mine wife inseests wot she should become Quinn from de whole Woild, witt de Sonn witt de Moon witt de Stozz witt de Solo System!!!" So de feesh sad, "Notting doink!! Und foidermore it should tich` you a lason, go home queeck und you'll find it dere de doidy hut stending!!" So he swem away und de feesherman witt his griddy wife rimmaind puppers!

(Hm! Sotch a dollink baby, ate opp all de cyril!)

XVII

LOOY, DOT DOPE, INSEESTS WOT HE SHOULD MUTTER
—STURRY FROM KEPTAIN JOHN SMEET
FOR NIZE BABY

Second Floor—Hm! deed we spant it a ivvining,
Mrs. Feitlebaum—Don't esk!

First Floor—So, wot did you did?

Second Floor—Hm!—wot deedn't we deedn't?!
A whole ivvining we was muttering!

First Floor—Muttering! ! !

Second Floor—Yeh! Muttering!—in a mutter
car, we was muttering! Was so! Mine Looy has
it a frand wot dey got a huttomobill, so lest night
dey deedn't know wot dey should do so dey came
witt de huttomobill we should take a leedle rite!

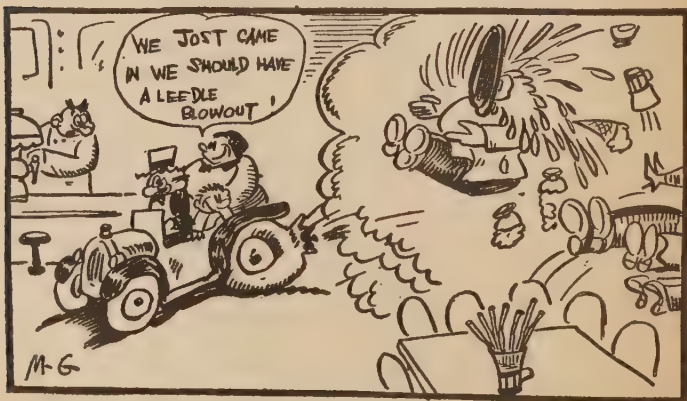
First Floor—So, where deed you rote?

Second Floor—Hall-over. Opp witt de Concuss
und don witt de Booleywott und arond a leedle in
de Pock (hm! you should see wot it's going on dere
in de Pock, Mrs. Feitlebaum). So mine Looy, dot
dope, inseests wot he should drife de car. Noo, noo.
So don't esk! ! A whole treep I was seeting on

peens witt niddles wot I tut avery second'll gonna be odder a collegian odder a rack, odder a someting wott it should come out from it lussoots witt demeges! Mmm, he's such a shuffer; like mine gren-fodder is a dencer from de Cholston!!! So it stoddod opp yet trobble witt de cops——

First Floor—Yi, yi, yi, yi, yi—witt de treffic cops?

Second Floor—No, witt de grease-cops from de wills wot was someting wrung dere, ulso witt de transition odder de exhilarator—so annehoe, dey stopped by a store from huttomobill pots witt ex-



cessories so efter wot it was feexed opp averyting Ho-K so we hed it a leedle blowout.

First Floor—From a tire a blowout??

Second Floor—Who's tukking from tires? In a hice-crimm parlor we hed it a blowout wot itch one hed maybe a hice-crimm cun odder a tsudda-wodder, odder a tsettsparella, odder a not sunday—wot aver he wanted, so he hed. So was a blowout.

Third Floor—So, Isidor! (SMACK) Golden-rots you breenging in de houze, ha? (Ker choo). Wot it should geeve me already a hay-fivver, ha? (SMACK) (Ker choo) A whole day snizzing (SMACK) wot it comes off itch time (ker choo) from de west a button (SMACK) is by you fun, ha? (Ker choo) (SMACK). To-morrow (SMACK) you'll wouldn't be hable to gat (KER



CHOO) some golden-rot (SMACK) so you'll breeng me maybe (Ker CHOO!) a box from sniz-zing powder, ha? (SMACK) (Ker choo!!!). De loundry beels wot it custs for de henkerchiffs

(SMACK) you'll gonna pay for it maybe, ha?
(KER CHOO). De doctor beels wot I could boist
maybe a blood wassal (SMACK) you'll gonna pay
for it maybe, ha? (KER CHOO) (SMACK).
To-morrow (SMACK) you'll breeng maybe poison-
ivory, ha? (KER CHOO! ! !)—

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, Nize baby, itt opp all de
shradded whit, so momma'll gonna tell you a sturry
from Pocahantas witt Keptain John Smeet. Wance
oppon a time was a Hindian Chiff from a whole
tripe from Hindians, wot he hed it a dudder wot
her name was Pocahantas! Hm! sotch a byooty
wot she was, witt a grazeful forum witt a feegure
witt raving bleck hair, witt a holive skeen witt
fleshing heyes—mmmmm—a ragular pitch! ! (Nize
baby, take annodder spoon shradded whit.) So in
de minntime, it came over from Hingland a band
from oily tsettlers wot dey called dem columnists.
So de lidder from de columnists was a Ganeral from
a name from Keptain John Smeet.

POT II

So one hefternoon he was taking a leedle strull
in de woots, so it was lurching dere in a hambush
dem doidy Hindians so, so soon wot he passed by

dey gave queeck a yell, "Hends opp!—odder we'll cot you off de scallop wid a tommyhuck!" So he saw wot it was against him de hodds so he compiled gredually witt de requast! ! !

POT III

So dey brut him in de front from de tripe so de chiff witt de Sockems from de tripe held a mitting, wot should be from him. So de chiff sad, "Wot kind beezness you in? ?" So he replite, "I'm a columnist wot we tsettling de colonizz ! ! !" So de chiff sad, "Hm! Trapezing on priwate property, ha? ? So for diss, we'll gonna chop you off de had! !" So jost dey leefted opp de hexes it should chop him off de had—it jomped opp gredually Pocahantas, wot she sad, "Ciss! ! !"

So de chiff sad, "Wot's de rizzon we should ciss?"

So Pocahantas sad, "I dun't want wot you should do diss didd! !"

So de chiff sad, "Somebody esked you for a hopinion? ? Why you don't want? ?"

So Pocahantas sad, "Jost bickuss! ! !"

So de chiff sad, "Aha! ! You took already may-be a lightning to diss goot-for-notting, ha? ? Hm!



Sotch hideas! Is here a whole tripe from brave witt nubble worriers wot itch one it would make a idill hosband so you got to fall yat for a dope wot he billives wot Sitting Bull is a cow's hosband!! I tink wot I'll make him run yet a gimlet foist!"

So Pocahantas sad, "I luff him."

So de chiff sad, "Hm! A son-in-law I nidd yat wot he wears a monologue in de heye!! Go beck queeck in de weeckwam und don't meex opp in mine beezness odder you'll gat from me wid a strep."

So Pocahantas sad, "If you'll wouldn't lat him go I'll tell momma wot it was going on lest night



in de Hell Fay Clob witt you witt dot wemp from a Minnie-Ha-Ha!! Hm, you gatting pale, ha?? Noo, so wot'll gonna be? Queeck!"

So de chiff said, "Blast you, mine cheeldren! !!"

So dey gredually got merried so in a shut time de chiff was a grenpapa from a leedle caboose! (Hm!! Sotch a dollink baby ate opp all de shradded whit! !)

XVIII

FAKE BOGGAINS—DE PITE PIPER EXTOIMINATES WOIMIN

Second Floor—Hm—de fake boggains witt de tsales wot dey putting opp dese days on de pipple, Mrs. Feitlebaum—it should be concocted a law against it!

First Floor—Wot iss?

Second Floor—Hm—wot aint!!! Was so—I was making opp mine mind lest wick wot I'll gonna buy maybe for de weenter a silskin cut odder maybe a Hoimine wrep odder a moff wot it's coming beck in style. So I pessed by a store wot it stends dere on de weendow wot it's a sale from Wreps.

First Floor—Where did it was?

Second Floor—Wait yat!!! So I went insite so I hesk a tsaleslady, I sad, "Where is it going on here de sale?" So you should see a look from content wot she gave me. Hm—Sotch a hutty-high het eltitude—witt a soupeerior hair wot I falt like to ketch a hold from her and shake her out de fulse teet from de doidy faze.

First Floor—GOOT.

Second Floor—So I went queeck to de meneger so I sad, “Is here plizze a sale from wreps? ?” So he deliberately geeves me a henswer, “No.” So I tut maybe wot I’m soffering from a hoptional illusion. So I came out from de store so it stends dere distinctfully on de weendow a sign

SALON DE WRAPS

So could you imagine sotch a bonch crooks witt jeeps?

Third Floor—So Isidor! (SMACK). A doidy dug you geeving already a batt in de battob, ha? (SMACK). Flizz we nidd it yat in de houze



(SMACK). It’s enoff wot we got you. (SMACK). A wallet you became already for a moungrrel, ha? (SMACK). Wot you deedn’t loined yat you

should wash your own nack, ha? (SMACK). Tomorrow you'll breeng home maybe a nenny-gut (SMACK) wot you'll shafe him off maybe de wheeskers yat (SMACK) witt mine safety racer, maybe, ha? ? (SMACK). A Toikish batt from henimals you'll open opp maybe, ha? (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, Nize Baby, itt opp all de rize witt milk so momma'll gonna tell you a Ferry Tail from de Pite Piper from Hemilton. Wance oppon a time was a willage from de name from Hemilton. So it was ronning along avveryting smoot wit Ho K—accept wot it was one acception: Was dere a hobnoxious past from rets. Hm! sotch a pasts wot dey was de rets. Wait, you'll hear—

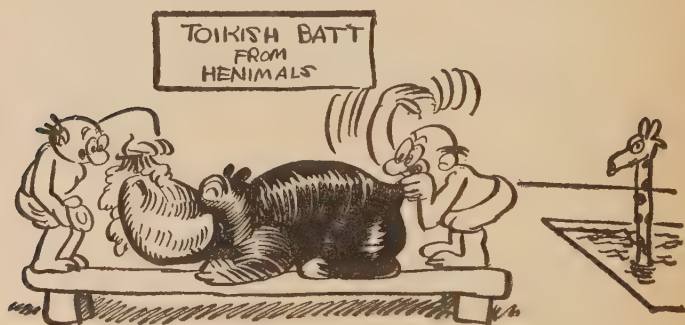
Dey futt de dugs und keeled de kets,
Dey beet de babies in de cratles,
Dey ate de chizzes out from de wets,
Dey licked off de zoop from de cook's zoop-
latles;

Dey opened kags from salted spreets,
Made nasts insite from Sonday hets,
Dey ivvin spoiled de wimmen's chets
By dronning de spicking
Witt shriking, witt squikking,
In fifty deeference shops witt flets.

So you'll could imagine wot it was going on dere! !"
 (Nize baby, take annoder spoon rize witt milk.)

POT II

So de tseetizens from de willage held gredually a messmitting wot should be! So dey decided wot dey'll gonna sand a commeety from delicates, wot it should sick a huddience witt de Mayor. So dey came to de Ceety Hull so de Mayor gritted dam so: "Hm, goot-monnink, wot's by you on de mind? A



leedle mod-sleenging, maybe?" So de spuxman sad, "De statics show wot it was lest year in dees willage a pupulation from fife hundred pippel, witt seex tousand rets! ! ! Is no? ? So now, is a pupulation from seex hondred witt feefty savven pippel, witt toittinn meelion hate tousand wit seex hondred

witt seexty seex rets!! So for itch poison is exactly ninetinn tousand witt hondred rets—witt a mouze, witt a bog, witt a hant, witt a cockarutch yat!! Is diss a system??

So de Mayor sad, "Hm, from where you gatting all diss inflammation? You was taking maybe a senses, ha?"

So de spuxman sad, "Dont get sourkeestic!!! Spitches you making us from a five-cents fare, bot de rill hissues you awoiding, ha?? Maybe you blaming already de hinterests witt de traction trusses, ha? Wait yat!! Is coming soon illaction so you want maybe wot we should illact a Sushaleest?? Hm, you gatting pale, ha?? So geeve a leedle tut de metter!"

POT III

So de Mayor was mopping de prow in concernation, so jost den it came in a werry strange indiwijil wot presented his cod wot it sad on de cod:

Mr. P. Piper

Extoiminators from Woimin

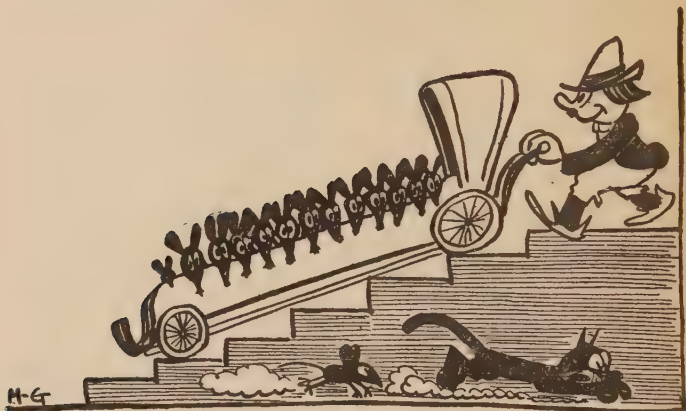
Rets witt mize

a spashilty

Toims cesh

Ulso newts witt toats witt wipers

So de Mayor was extrimmingly gliffull so dey made queeck a boggain—wot he should make de



willage reed from rets. So de piper stoddod in to play on de pipes wot it was a poifict intimation from a beeg beeg Swees Chizze—so it stoddod in to ron efter him

Beeg rets, fet rets, linn rets, bunny rets,
 Bron rets, bleck rets, gray rets, tunny rets,
 Grafe old plotters, gay yong freeskers,
 Cocking tails und preecking wheeskers,
 Fodders, modders, huncles, cozzins,
 Families by tens from dozens—

So dey gredually ren efter him in de reever so was dronned all de rets.

POT IV

So de naxt day he came witt a bill so dot doidy ring from a Mayor sad, "Hm—moneh you want? Ha Ha! I'm so leffing! ! A goot for notting weg-gabound wot he wheestles a hull day in de beek-yods so he nidds it yat moneh. Bitt it! !"

So de piper sad, "Hm, I must say wot dees is werry unattical conduct on de pot from a Mayor from a beeg ceety. Take batter a teep und dun't stott opp witt me! !"

So de Mayor sad, "Noo, so sue me in de coit. Besites, I dun't weesh wot I should be insalted witt trattened by a Grizzball so gerradahere queeck from de willage odder you'll gat maybe toidy days yat for fragrancy witt de pipe togadder. Goot bye, I got to arrange now a Mayor's Pipples Concert."

POT V

So de piper went houtsite so deed he stodded in to play all kinds from Cholston Jezz witt Honky Tonky Polly Woo, witt Don't Breeng Looy—so it came ronning foist one child. So he blew anodder nut so it came ronning anodder child so he blew gredually a toid nut from de pipe so it came ronning

tweens—so de more wot he blew nuts from de pipe
de more it came ronning efter him all de cheeldrun
from de willage wot it chommed dem de myoozic
so dey followed him gredually till dey all dees-
apeared! !”

(Hm, sotch a dollink baby—ate opp all de rize
witt milk!)

XIX

DE KET GEEVES ALOM FROM SOPHIXTICATION—
WHEELIAM TELL, SOTCH A MOXMAN WITT BOW

Second Floor—Hm—sotch a narrow escape wott we hed lest night, Mrs. Feitlebaum. It's a locky ting wot we wasn't all sophixticated from gas!!!

First Floor—From gas!! Yi yi yi yi yi—Wot was??

Second Floor—Was so!!! Mine Looy, dot dope, wot he ain't got wot he should do, so he lees-tens a whole night to a goot-for-notting spikker on a supp-box wot he advises all de pipple wot dey nidd frash hair—

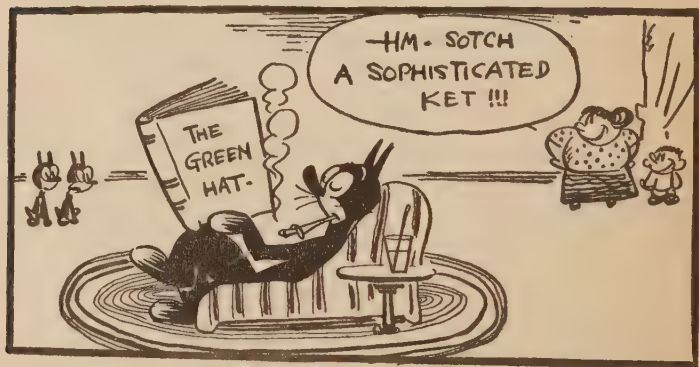
First Floor—So from frash hair you became sophixticated??

Second Floor—Wait yat!! So we was all slipping in de bad, so dot dope he oppens it wite all de weendows wot it blew in a dreft wot it blew out de gas, wot if it wouldn't geeve us a alom de ket we would all be sophixticated.

First Floor—So how it gave a alom de ket?

Second Floor—Was so—Is sotch a goot for not-

ting ket wot its by him avery Monday witt Toisday a litter from keetens!!! So tsince lest spreeng was by him foist one litter den gredually a sacund litter den a toid litter—so jost lest wick was by him yat a new litter from keetens und wot he was opp a whole night so he smelled gredually de gas—so he gave a alom—it shouldn't be maybe sophixticated de litter.



First Floor—Hmm—is a locky ting wot you got in de houze sotch a litterary ket!

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) Mine right hage you gave it in de front from de insurings agent, ha? (SMACK). A information brewery you became already, ha? (SMACK.) Wot nobody was hesking you, ha? (SMACK). Why you deedn't told

him already (SMACK) wot I got maybe a blood prassure (SMACK) witt hoddeng from de hot-teries wot mine grenfodder hed it, ha? (SMACK). In de school (SMACK) is by you notting but wrung henswers, ha? (SMACK) bot here you know it



exectically, ha? (SMACK). To-morrow you'll ron maybe (SMACK) to de collaction from Fraternal Ravenue (SMACK) wot you'll geeve him de stateestics yat from mine hincome-tex, ha? (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo! Nize baby itt opp all de

Crim from Whit, so momma'll gonna tell you a sturry from Weeliam Tell. Wance oppon a time was leeving in de Halps Montains in Tsweetzerland a man from de name from Weeliam Tell—wot he was a champeen hotcher witt de bow wit de harrow—mmm, sotch a moxman witt a shop-shooter wot he was—batter ivvin from Babe Root— (Nize baby, take anodder spoon Crim from Whit). So he hed it a leedle son wheech it was his chiff sauce from delight witt enjoiment—mm, sotch a switt boy witt a byootiful faze wot he had it like a Coopy-doll—a ragular Leedle Lord Botterfly! !

POT TWO

So it was elected gredually a new King from de Helps Montains wot he was a minn critchure. So was hissed a hedict wot it was so——

HOCK YE! HOCK YE! GRITTINGS!

Be it nun! Hon odder hefter de Feeftint from Tseptamber, 1666—dees contry'll gonna be hunder new menagement. So I'll gonna hang opp mine hat on a steeck, so is pessed a statue on de statue books—wot itch one from de subjects should slam in de front from de hat.

Werry trooly yours,

DE KING.

POT TREE

So all de subjects was sheevering for de King so dey all stodd in slamming in de front from de hat so it came de toin from Weeliam he should slam too, so he deedn't slam, so de King's Wessels sad,—
“Wot for you stending dere like a mummary, ha? Geeve queeck a slam de hat odder you'll sit in preeson for trizzon!”

So it was a werry tents mumment wot it was averyone kipping de bratt so de Wessels sad, “Noo?” so instat from a slam Weeliam pushed opp de tom to de nose, wot it made a haction wot it denuttet “Rezzbarries!”

POT FUR

So dun't esk! De King was spitchless from hanger witt rage, so he sad, “Hm, it simms wot you not in occurd witt mine ideas, ha? MEESTER Tell! !”

So Weeliam henswered, “Dot's by you a idea? ?”

So de King sad, “Noo, so is not a idea, is jost a wheem! !”

So Weeliam sad, “So to-morrow you'll get maybe

a wheem wot you should heng opp on a steeck de Bivvy Dizz—wot we should wuk on de hends yat in de front from dem, ha? ! !”

So de King sad—“Hm! Queeps witt smot-crecks you pulling, ha? From a Bolshewickky nature yat! ! So for dees I’ll gonna titch you a lason wot it should stend in a plaze your son witt a hepple



on de had—so you’ll gonna shoot wit de bow witt de harrow de hepple. So go queeck batter to Cooney Highland you should make yat a leedle togget-pretice!”

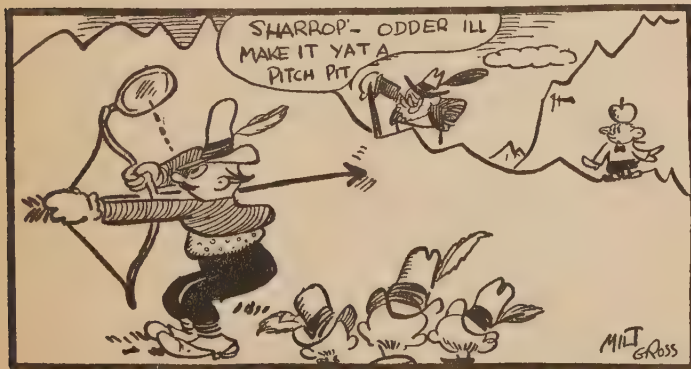
So Weeliam sad, “You want wot I should shoot

from mine boy a hepple off from de had witt a bow witt de harrow? ? Dot's you idea from a hout-door sputt? ?"

So de King sad, "Hm! You gattting pale—ha? —So Gerradahere queeck und you could tenk yat de locky stozz wot I don't making it maybe a grape, odder a goozebarry odder a—Kerraway sidd, yat! ! !"

POT FIFE

So Weeliam greeted de teet, so he edwenced greemly to de spot, so he took out from de queever a harrow, so he pooled back de bow-streeng so it



flew out gredually de harrow wot it went straight in de meedle from de cord from de hepple. So dot's

de rizzon wot ontill dees day is by Lipshitz in de
froot stend in itch hepple a hole!

(Hm—Sotch a dollink baby ate opp all de Crim
from Whit!)

XX

LOOY, DOT DOPE, SOTCH A CALLOUS POISON WITT DE
HELLOW—FERRY-TAIL FROM KEENG MITAS
FOR NIZE BABY

Second Floor—Sotch a callousness wot it's by mine Looy, Mrs. Feitlebaum. You'll wouldn't find in de whole America sotch a callous poison, wot on account from him I tutt wott de baby'll gonna be scolded yat! !

First Floor—So why you should peeck on de baby?

Second Floor—Hm! Was so—Was stending on de stuff a cattle from wodder wot it was ulmost boiling so he geeves it a knock witt de hellow wot if I'll deedn't geeve queck de baby a push away, he would be witt all de hot wodder scolded.

Third Floor—So Isidor—(SMACK) De momma's Kolinsky collar you cotting opp wot you should make a fulse wheeskers witt a mustish from it, ha? (SMACK) a Shylock Holmes you became already, ha? (SMACK) odder a Smeet Brodders wot you nidd it yat a trade mock (SMACK) wot



I'll make it on you widd a strep (SMACK). Tomorrow you'll cot off maybe from mine fooldrass coat (SMACK) you should make for de kite a tail, ha? (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de Cheeken Zoop so mamma'll gonna tell you a Ferry-Tail from Keeng Mitas. Wance oppon a time was a werry, werry reech Keeng from de name from Keeng Mitas. Sotch a welt wot he hed!—wot it would make J. P. Morgan witt Hanry Fudd witt John D. Rockefeller dey should look like puppers. (Nize baby, take anodder spoon cheeken zoop—)

POT II

So instat from bing setisfite witt contempted—he becrutched yat averybody helse wot dey posassed, und he was only trying how he could incriss yat wot he had (mmmm—dot griddy ting). So a whole time he was hudding opp de moneh witt glutting yat from it like a miser. So wan day he was wukking opp witt don in de godden so he was tink-ing so, “Hm—wot could I do, dot I should hev it ivvin more yat from wot I got?” (mmm—dot sal-fish critchure). So he was interropted by a leedle Ferry wot it was standing in de front from him witt a Megic Want.

So de Ferry sad, "You Keeng Mitas? ? ?"

So de Keeng sad, "So wot is? ?"

So de Ferry sad, "I'm a Ferry wot I could grent you wot annyting wot you'll weesh so'll be fool-feeled de weesh! ! !" So de Keeng sad, "Wot kind bunco-steerage game you call dees, ha? You got maybe some goot-for-notting Hoil Stocks wot you want to sell it, ha, maybe? Odder a petent carpet-swipper, odder maybe a phunny Gold mine yat, ha! ! Try batter by Old Keeng Cole, not by me—Goot hefternoon! !"

So de Ferry sad, "Hm—you a werry septical poison, ha? Soppose wot you geeve me a hopportunity I should conweence you!"

So de Keeng sad, "Ho K, I weesh wot averyting wot I toch it, it should toin into gold."

So he was holding in de hand a spectre, so de Ferry gave him a tree times a tep witt de megic want—so he gave a look—so it was by him a solit gold spectre in de hend! !—Noo, noo!—So don't esk! ! !

POT TREE

So de Keeng was dencing wit jomping witt lip-ping witt bonding witt prencing from joy. You should see wot he was deshing hitter witt titter—opp witt don, high witt low—beck witt futt, too

witt frau,—wot he was toching averyting on wheech he put on de hends. So his Wessel sad, “Is goot now?” So de Keeng sad, “Yeh, is goot bot look a hincome-tax I’ll gonna have und’ll be mine lock yat wot I’ll gat maybe to-morrow rooma-teezum in de hends.” (MMMmmm—dot apparitious ting.)

POT FUR

So it came gredually deener-time so de Keeng was werry hongry so he set don he should itt opp a hoyster. So so soon wot he toched de hoyster it became solid gold!! So he sad, “Hm—Wot’s dees? ?” So he tried he should ketch in queek a potato in de mout no one should see, so so soon wot he stodded he should chew it, it became solid gold wot it broke him two teet witt a cron witt a heff from de breedge—woik yat besites wot it was werry hot so it made him yat a bleesters on de tong!!

So he sad—“Hm!—Is a seerous preposition. It simms wot I’ll have to employ stragedy.” So he sad to de Wessel, “I’ll gonna stend witt de mout open—So you’ll put in a binn-shooter a hepple, wot you’ll shoot it, it should go in mine mout wot I’ll swallow it queeck it shouldn’t toch me.” So de Wessel compiled gredually witt de requast, bot he was a werry poor mox-man, so instat from de

Keeng's mout it went in de had wot it became im-
miditly gold wot it gave him sotch a knock wot he
hed almost conclusion from de brain.

POT FIFE

So was a werry cricketal situation—wot de
Keeng sad, "Hm, so it rimmains wot I'll gonna
hev to leeve maybe a whole life on gold-feesh,
Ha! !" So it was gredually all kind from trob-
bles!! It came de night so he stodded in he
should ondrass so it was dere by him a pair from
18 carrot Bivvy Dizz wot de wessels had to ondrass
him yat witt a can-uppener. So one day he was
wukking opp witt don so it came ronning over to
heem his leedle dudder—Hm, deed she was a switt
child!! So he was so epsom minded, dot dope,
wot he put on her head de hend he should toch her
so she became solit gold. Yi yi yi yi—So you
should see a griff from a remuss wot it was by de
Keeng—mmm!!! Deed he was sowry!!! witt
meeserable witt don-hotted—witt rependant—wot
he was wipping beeterly.

POT SEX

So it gredually appeared in de front from him de
Ferry witt de Megic Want so he sad, "Goot Mon-



nink, Keeng, How is by you de Gold Rosh? ? ?”
So de Keeng gave sotch a grun from meesery wot it
toched de Ferry’s hott—so he sad, “You’ll gonna
be steengy witt griddy witt salfish anny more?”

So de Keeng sad, “NO.”

“You’ll gonna dunnate maybe itch year someting
to de Meelk Fond?”

“Yeh.”

“Wid de Selwation Ommy?”

“Yeh.”

“Widd de Uffan’s Home?”

“Yeh.”

“So you’ll gonna refumm, ha?”

“Yeh.”

“In odder woids you’ll gonna be from now on a
deeference indiwijial halltogadder?”

“Cruss mine hott!”

So de Ferry gave him tree times a tep witt de
Megic Want so dere it was standing in de front
from him de leedle dudder jost like new, wot dey
leeved heppily hever hefter.

(Hm—Sotch a dollink baby—ate opp all de
cheeken Zoop!).

XXI

LOOY, DOT DOPE, GEEVES DE BABY A PICKLED
HARRING—NIZE FERRY-TAIL FROM JACK
WITT DE BINN STUCK

Second Floor—Hm!—Deed we hed it lest night a peekneek, Mrs. Feitlebaum—wot I lust maybe fife ponds witt a copple honces yat! ! ! !

First floor—Wot was? ? ?

Second Floor—Hm! Don't esk! ! We was trying we should dislocate by de baby a bone! !

First Floor—Hm!—A chirocreptic you became maybe, Ha? ?

Second Floor—Hmm—was so: Was crying lest night de baby, so mine Looy, dot dope, he tutt wot he'll gonna soot de baby, so he geeves him a pickled harring he should itt it opp. Hm!—dot hidiot! ! So de baby ate gredually de harring so it got cut by him a bone in de trout—By de Hedams Hepple—it was stock de bone—so he stoddod in to cuff wot he got so white he deedn't had no collar in de faze. So while he was cuffing it jomped out gredually de bun! !

First Floor—Hmmm—mmm—GOOT!

Second Floor—So was all over excapt wot I rum-
mained witt a tarrible haddick——So I put queeck
a wat reg on mine had wot it went away de haddick.

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) From de toob



toot-paste you squizzing designs out on de ween-
dows, ha? (SMACK) A dacorator you became al-
ready, ha (SMACK) wot you should make yat
peectures on de meeror from a bobber-shop odder
a hice-crim pollar yat, maybe, ha? (SMACK) De
teet you don't making clinn (SMACK) bot de
weendows witt de wulls witt de floor you could
make doidy (SMACK) wot someone should sleep
yat dey should break maybe a bun, ha? (SMACK.)

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de
Chucklitt Putting, so momma'll gonna tell you a
Ferry-Tail from Jeck witt de Binn-stuck. Wance
oppon a time, was leeving a werry, werry poor

weedow witt a son from de name from Jeck. Hm! —sotch a lazy sheeftless goot for notting wot he was. A whole day henging arond witt de loafers in de front from de poolroom instat wot he should look for a dissint job. So dey hed it one seengle cow wot he became gredually werry skinny from lack from narrishment, so dey decided wot dey'll gonna sell de cow. (Nize baby, take anodder spoon Chucklitt Putting.)

POT II

So Jeck was motching witt de cow to de mocket he should sell de cow so he mat gredually in de rote a man wot he was kerrying a beg from binns. So he sad: "Goot monnink, gimme a binn." So de man sad, "A binn you want, ha, you frash keed. Hm! —sotch a crost witt a noive wot dem keeds got nowadays. Dees is werry wellyible binns. From one binn you could make at list a gellon binn-zoop. Eef you'll geeve me de cow—I'll geeve you de whole beg from binns." So Jeck, dot dope, sad: "Ho K. De dill is on! !" So dey made a trait.

POT III

So he arrifed home so de modder sad: "Hm—you socker!! De lendlor we'll gonna pay de

rant maybe witt binns, ha? Hm—sotch a boop! Woister ivvin from you fodder!”

So Jeck sad, “Never mind! I’ll gonna plent de binns in de yod!”

So she sad: “A Looter Boibank you became yat also, ha? Trow away de binns and look opp batter de Halp Wanted Hads!”

POT IV

So de naxt monnink dey gave a look in de yod—so was growing dere a beeg beeg binnstuck! ! Hm! sotch a hide wot it ritched opp to, higher ivvin from de clouts. So Jeck sad: “Hm, I teenk wot I’ll gonna inwastigate! !” So he gave gredually a jomp witt a spreeng witt a lipp wot he climbed opp de binnstuck.



POT V

So on de top from de binnstuck was a kastle in wheech it leaved a hogre wot he ate opp pipple. So

Jeck gave a knock on de door so it uppened de door de hogre's wife. So Jeck sad:

“Goot monnink, Meessus Hogre! !”

So she sad, “Who you? ?”

So he sad: “Hm—I'm from de Gezz Company—wot I should ridd de mitter.”

So she sad, “Hm—mine hosband'll gonna itt you opp. Hite batter in de hoven.”

So he hit in de hoven. So it came in gredually de hogre wot he gave a sneef so he sad:

“FEE, FOOY, FOOY, FOM!

I smell de blood from a Human Bing!

Be he alife odder be he dat—

I'll make from heem a corn-biff sanawich! !”

So de wife sad: “Hm—dun't be non sensible! Was here to-day de plumber wot you smelling heem. Go itt batter you sopper.”

So de hogre set don by de taple on wheech it was dere a whole cow—witt seextinn docks witt fife geeze—witt a will-berrell full from cebbidges—witt a heff from a peeg yat, witt a whole kag from tsider. So he sad, “Hm, wot's de metter—sotch a skeempy sopper—you gatting econominal maybe, odder you teenk is by me a hunger-strike—odder a dite, I should redooze wot I should bicomme pale witt



inimic yat, ha? Go queeck fatch me a copple dozen helephants knockles." So he ate opp witt one golp de sopper.

So den he called over a han wot it was a megic han wot it lait only golden hagg. So den he sad: "Breeng me mine hop! !" So she brutt in de hop. So de hogre gave a yell: "Play!" So was a megic hop wot it stodd to play from its own occurd. "Yookillily Lady" witt "Ho Kettrinna." So de hogre fell aslipp so Jeck snickked out from de hoven so he grebbed queeck de hop witt de han witt de hagg he should ron away so de hop wot it was like a wentreeloquist gave a yell: "HALP! HALP!—is stilling me a tiff wit a keednepper! Halp! !" So de hogre gave a jomp opp witt a rur from rage. Bot Jeck gave queeck a jomp out from de weendow wot he ren fest like a strick from lightning to de binnstuck so he sleet don—so he grebbed queeck a hex wot he chopped don de binnstuck so de hogre wot he was in de meedle from de binnstuck came tombling don in a hipp wot it keeled him so he was dat. So Jeck witt de momma leaved heppily hever hefter."

(Hm—sotch a dollink baby—ate opp all de Chucklitt Putting!)

XXII

LOOY, DOT DOPE, BRUK OFF A WHILL FROM DE
KEETY-CAR—STURRY FROM TOM TUM, DOT
TINNY-WINNY HUMAN BING

Second Floor—Hm! Sotch a dope witt a hig-
norant jenitor wot we got in de house, Mrs. Feitle-
baum!

First Floor—Wot is?

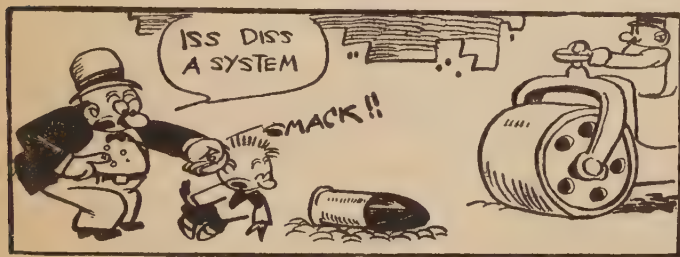
Second Floor—Is so: I butt lest wick for de baby
a keety-car so mine Looy, dot dope, wot he ain't



got wot he should do, so he stots in to make wit de
keety-car treeks wot he bruk it off a whill. So de

baby was scrimming witt yalling so I went by de jenitor I should feex de car so I esk him a ceewilized quaston so I sad, "Do you got here plizze a ranch? ?" So he geeves me a henswer, "Wot kind from a ranch you want?" So I sad, "A monkeh ranch." So dot dope geeves me a henswer so he sad, "Hm—I hoid from maybe a cettle ranch odder a sheep ranch bot I deedn't hoid never from a monkeh ranch!"

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) Bullets you putting on de trolleh trecks witt blenk carti-



lages, ha? (SMACK). A nexident you nidd it (SMACK) wot it should ron you over a feenger (SMACK) wot you should gat arrasted yat for jake-walking, ha? (SMACK). Bullets you got to explode (SMACK) wot it should shoot yat a innocent banister—maybe in de heye. (SMACK) Noises you want, ha? (SMACK) So why you don't

go knock witt de had in de wall batter, ha?
(SMACK.)

Fifth Floor—Hm—you should see how mine Joonior retcites, “It’ll wouldn’t gonna rain no more.” Joonior, come here retcite for de doctor, “It’ll wouldn’t gonna rain no more.”

(Sniff)—“It aid godda raid doe bore,
It aid godda raid doe bore (sniff-sniff)
How id the heck, kid I wash by deck
If it aid godda raid doe bore?” (sniff)

Hm, he’s so smot, mine Joonior!

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, dreenk out all de multed milk so momma’ll gonna tell you a sturry from Tom Tum. Wance oppon a time was leeving a femily wot it was by dem a leedle boy wot he was sotch a tinny-winny meedget wot he was smul-ler ivvin from a feenger from a human bing. So dey gave heem a neeckname, “Tom Tum.” So you should see a peeckneek dey hed witt him. De momma she would say, “Hm—dot leedle goot-for-notting, a whole day making hendsprings undernitt from de battob, odder stilts he’s making from de toopicks, dot leedle rescel! !” Und de papa he would say, “Bunfires you making insite from mine pipe, ha, you leedle ront? Odder street-clinner you



playing witt mine safety razor, ha? Go batter und crank opp mine watch for me! !" Und de seester would say, "Hm—in mine timble dot leedle loafer takes a batt, ha, wot it becomes rosty. Boo—Gerradahere, you leedle tremp or I'll lock you opp in a mouze-trep—wot'll itt you opp a mouze."

So halltogadder he was a conseederable sauce from prens witt meeschif.

(Nize baby, take anodder zip multed milk.)

POT II

So wan day de femily decided wot dey'll gonna go boggy-riting in de boggy. So de papa sad, "Hey, Shotty, come on geeve a halp here I should honest opp de huss!" So Tom sad, "Phooy!! Tell momma she should batter powder opp de nose I should go sleigh-riting on it!" So de papa sad, "Hm—fon you making from you helders, ha? Jomp queeck in de boggy odder I'll geeve you witt a broom-straw a goot spenking. Hm,—you gatting pale, ha? So shake queeck a lag!" So Tom sad, "Ho K, I'm coming." So instat from riting in de boggy he sickritted himself in de hear from de huss so de papa gave a yall, "Girryopp! !" So Tom gave a wheesper to de huss, "Whoa!" wot he deedn't bodge a hinch. So de papa sad, "Wot's

dees? ? De huss is becoming maybe a leedle deft odder hod from hearing?" So he gave gredually anodder yell, "GIRRYOPP! ! !" So Tom gave a wheesper to de huss, "Beck opp," wot he becked opp straight in de staple. (Take anodder zip multed milk, dollink.)

De papa sad, "Hm—de huss got maybe de Hibby Jibbiz! !" So he gave queeck a yell, "WHOA!" So Tom gave a wheesper de huss, "Girryopp!" Wot he gredually ran away, witt de boggy witt all de pipple, wot dey all tumbled out in a deetch.

POT III

Tom was junting marrily along on de huss so he came gredually to a pound in wheech it was a frock, wot he was sweeming witt jomping witt lipping arond. So Tom sad, "Hm! Look! a kengeroo! !" So de frock sad: "Hm, I'm nidder a kengeroo, nodder a frock. I'm a preencess! !" So Tom sad, "Put it here, Kirro, I'm Napoleon! !" So de Frock sad, "Cruss mine hot! !" So Tom sad, "How you gat like dees?"

So de frock sad, "From a weecked hogre wot he henchented me! ! All de bogs witt de bittles witt de gresshoppers witt de feesh witt de henimals—so itch one is odder a preence odder a dook odder a

dotchess odder a cont odder a hex-kaiser wot dot doidy hogre he cast a smell over oss." So Tom sad, "Hm! sonds like a ferry-tail to me, bot I'll investigate."

POT IV

So Tom snicked opp in de hogre's keastle. So he climbed opp on a beeg Swees-chizze wot he hit inside from one from de holes. So it came in de hogre wot he sad, "Hm, I'm a leedle hongry. I tink wot I'll greb a snag before I go to bad." So witt one golp he tswallowed opp de whole chizze. Wot Tom stotted in to jomp witt keeck wit ponch witt dence insite from de hogre. So de hogre gave a rur from pain—wot he was yelling witt scrimming witt rulling arond on de floor wot he had almost compulsions. So it came ronning queeck de wife wot she sad, "Hm!! Walsh rebbitts you itting again!! DEEDN'T I TOLD YOU?? HA???" So de hogre was rulling so he ruled don a whole flight from stess und out from de door from de keastle wot it was uppen de drubbridge from de mutt so he fell gredually in de mutt wot he became unconscience. So Tom came queeck don wot he took off from de hogre de Savan-Ligg Boots wot he was wearing—so he ren queeck wot de hogre

tried to ketch him so de hogre fell don wot he was keeled.

So de preencess presumed gredually her netcheral forum—so dey got merried so witt de Savan-Ligg Boots Tom got a job es a Massanger Boy wot dey leeved heppily hever hefter.

(Hm—sotch a dollink baby—drenk out all de multed milk.)

XXIII

LOOEY, DOT EPSOM-MINDED DOPE, NEARLY BVYS A
HUSS—FERRY TALE FROM BLOOBIDD, A GOOT-
FOR-NOTTING NUBBLEMAN

Second Floor—Wot was de rizzon wot it was reenging by you a whole day de telaphun yesterday, Meesus Feitlebaum? ?

First Floor—Hmm—Dun't esk! ! !—Sotch tings wot it heppens by oss on accont from mine Looy, dot dope, you'll wouldn't find in de whole America.

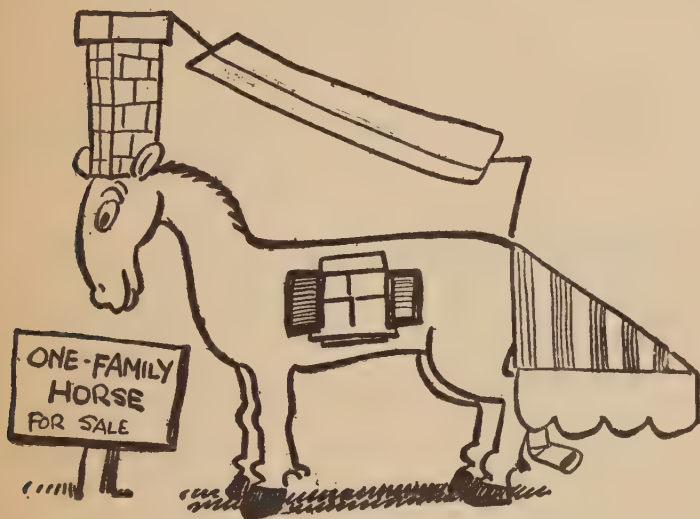
Second Floor—So, wot was?

First Floor—Was so:—Mine Looy he takes all from a sodden a motion in de hempty had wot he should recite in de contry. So he puts in in de noos-paper a hedwertisement wot it should ridd so: "Copple wot dey now reciting in ceety would like wot dey should poichiss a one family houze in soboibs."

Second Floor—Hmmm—A "Hone you hone home" beezness it stoddod opp, ha? So wot was?

First Floor—Wait yat. So dot dope wot he's so epsom-minded wot he don't looking wot he does,

so instat he should spell 'houze" with a Hache,
witt a Ho, witt a Yoo, witt a Hess, witt a Hee—



so he makes a Hache-Ho-HARR-Hesse-Hee—wot
it spalls "Huss"! !—Noo-noo—so dun't esk! ! ! It
geeves a reeng de telaphun so I geeve a yell, "Hollo,
who you weesh, plizze?" So it geeves me a hen-
swer a woice wot it saz, "Ginsboig's Leevery Staple
spicking. We sanding opp a huss! !" So I sad,
"Who ordered here a huss, plizze? ?" So you
should hear a cursory lengwidge witt oats wot he
was swerring—

Second Floor—Yi yi yi yi yi—

First Floor—So you should hear wot it was calling opp a whole day all kinds from timmsters witt paddlers witt hocksters witt a weteranary sturgeon yat, wot was trattening all kinds from liable suits witt demeges—

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) de momma's seelk stockings you feeling dem opp witt flour al-



ready ha? (SMACK) A Hollowin beezness we nidd it yat, ha? (SMACK)—Witt chuck you got to make mocks ulso on de front from de houze, ha? (SMACK). Wot it should stott opp witt de jeni-tor hoguments wot he should make me maybe a bleck heye, yat, ha (SMACK)? To-morrow'll be maybe anodder holiday (SMACK) wot you'll feel opp maybe witt Plester from Peris de hot wodder beg, ha? (SMACK) wot you should geeve witt it batter de bums on de hed a knock (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby itt opp all de Pust Tustizz, so momma'll gonna tell you a Ferry Tale from Bloobidd. Wance oppon a time was leeving a nubblemán in a keastle wot it was by heem



blue de wheeskers. So all de keeds from de neighborhoot dey gave heem a neeckname, "Bloobidd." (Nize baby, take anodder spoon Pust Tustizz.)

POT II

So he tried witt all kinds from proxite witt hanna —witt lemons, witt tee-livvs, witt hair tyes wot he should make maybe de wheeskers idder dey should be rad odder blound, odder ivvin grinn. Bot de more wot he tried de woister it bixame blue. So was a conseederable sauce from annoyance wot it gritted heem from de keeds so: "Yooohoo, Hollo Bloobidd! Hollo keed!! Filling blue in de wheeskers, maybe?" und all kinds from odder tsimilar tunts.

POT III

So he gredually got merried. So de neighbors began to nuttice wot it deesapeared mysteerously foist one wife den gredually anodder wife den a toid wife till it made a tuttle from savan wifes wot dey deesapeared. So he merried gredually a hate wife.

POT FUR

So wan day he sad: "Dollink, I got to go on de road for a leedle treep on beezness. So here is mine

kizz. In all de rooms you could go bot rimamber in de leedle room in de hend from de hall you shouldn't dare to wanture. You hear me, ha? So take hidd a warning. Rimamber de mutt witt de flame!! Ulso wot cooriosity keeled wance a Ket. Good-Pye. I'll sand you from Etlentick Ceety some Sult-Wodder teffy! !"

POT FIFE

So de wife was werry werry henxious to know wot it was going on dere in de room so she tutt: "Hm, I'll geeve jost wan tinny-winny pick in de room so who'll gonna nuttice de deeference?" So all in a flotter she pushed in de key in de door so she gave a look insite so dere it was hall de wifes wot dot doidy goot-for-notting keeled dem—dot weeked critchure!!! So on de key it rimmaind a spot so she tried witt all kinds from supp witt woder with scarring podder witt Old Dutch Clinzzer she should take it huff bot it deedn't helped.

POT SEEX

So it arrifed home Bloobidd. So he sad, "Noo, Fatimma, mine kizz." So he sad: "Wot's dees? It's meesing a key! Hm, you gatting pale? Ha! C'mon keed—Punny opp! !" So she gave

him de key wot it was de mock on it yat so he sad:
“Hm, is diss a system? ? It simms wot I must
chop you off de had! !” So she plidded witt heem
und cuxxed heem. So she sad: “Geeve me at list a
hour I should write mine pipple! !”

So dot hod-hotted ting sad: “Notting doong!”

So she sad: “So make it trickwoddors from a
hour.”

So he sad: “Notting doong.”

So she sad: “Make it a heff from a hour.”

So he sad: “Notting doong.”

So she sad: “Make it feeftin minnets.”

So he sad: “Hm. Go, hoggue witt a woman.
Ho K—feeftin minnets.”

So in de minntime it came along on hussbeck
two soldiers wot dey roshed in queeck so dey cut a
hold from Bloobidd so dey chopped him off de had
witt de wheeskers togadder.

(Hm, sotch a dollink baby, ate up all de Pust
Tustizz.)

XXIV

LOOY, DOT DOPE, IS RONNING AWAY WID DE
CONTESS—STURRY FROM SEEMPLE SIMON

Second Floor—Hm! Sotch a haggrawation wot I got from mine Looy, dot dope, Mrs. Feitlebaum! —mine woister enemies shouldn't hev it.

First Floor—Wot is?

Second Floor—Hm! Dun't esk. It's enoff wot it could drife me to extraction!! Was so: it was boddering me a whole day mine niece. A whole monnink I was scrobbling in de keetchen de floor so I was nilling don on de niece so was boddering me de niece—so I was seeting in de Mowriss Chair I should take a leedle rast, so it comes in mine Looy, dot dope, wot he geeves a yell—"Hooray!!—I'm ronning away witt de Contess!!!"

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi yi—Witt cessational sossiety scendels you becoming inwiggled, ha?

Second Floor—Mmmmmmmmm—So dun't esk!!! I was so stottled wot I gave gredually sotch a scrim from astondishment wit souprice, wot it came roshing in Meetchel, witt Mowriss, witt

Fillix, witt Root, witt Sarah, witt Hetel, witt Han-riatta, wot dey had it almost population from de hot!!

First Floor—So wot did it deweloped? ?



Second Floor—So dey esked me, "Wot's de riz-
zon you got to geeve like dees a scrim? ?"

So I point witt mine feenger on Looy, so I sad,
"Esk him, dot dope! !"

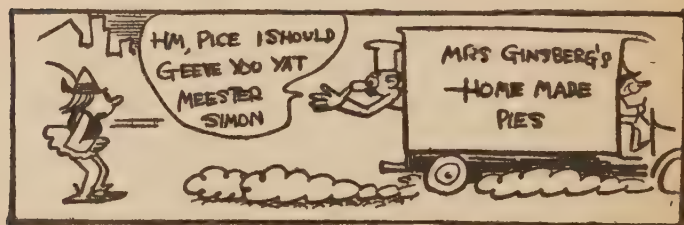
First Floor—So wot he gave a henswer?

Second Floor—So he makes a fullish green witt de faze so he oxplains so: In de school wot he goes, so dey ain't got dere wot dey should do so dey stotting opp a Pupularity Contess wot itch one geeves a wote. So de one wot he's gatting de most from de wotes—so he weens de contess!! So, so beeg a dope wot he is, dey all woting for heem, so he comes roshing in he should tell me de good noose, wot it cuzzes me I should gat ulmost happelexy!!!

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) Switt potatiss you cooking in de hempty lots by a bumfire already, ha? (SMACK). Wot it should geeve me a sommons yat de Fire Dippotament (SMACK). A hubbo nature you deweloping already, ha? (SMACK). A chaff by de Reetz Hotel you'll wouldn't grow opp (SMACK)—bot holes you could boin in de pents (SMACK) wot I got to buy you (SMACK) avery wick a new soot cloze, ha? (SMACK). De feesh (SMACK) witt de zoop (SMACK) witt de cheecken (SMACK) wot de momma makes you don't itting it, ha? (SMACK) bot de doidy potatiss (SMACK) wot you stilling by de peddler (SMACK) wot I should sit yat maybe in preeson for it (SMACK!!) is by you goot, ha? (SMACK) To-morrow (SMACK) you'll swipe by de bootcher maybe a cow (SMACK) wot

you'll gonna have wit de bums maybe a bobbecue, ha? (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de kerrotts witt peaze so momma'll gonna tell you from "Seemple Simon." Wan day Seemple Simon was going to a conniwal. So on de way to de conniwal he mat a piemen wot he was salling pice. So Seemple Simon sad, "Goot monnink. Gimme a pie."



So de piemen sad, "You got a panny?"

So Seemple Simon sad, "Nup!"

So de piemen sad, "Gerradahere!"

(Nize baby, take anodder spoon kerrots witt peaze.)

So wan day Seemple Simon sad, "Momma, I tink wot I'll gonna go feeshing."

So de momma sad, "Hm—so wot you'll gonna ketch?"

So he sad, "A Whale."

So de momma sad, "Yi yi yi—A Whale! !—So where you'll gonna ketch a whale?"

So he gave her a henser: "In a woshtob!"

(Ha, ha, ha—sotch a fullish ting wot he was. Nize baby wait, so momma'll gonna wipe you huff de cheen.)

So de next day he sad: "Hm, I tink wot I feel in de nude I should itt opp a plom." So he went by a bush wot it was full from torns witt tissles witt shop tweegs. Hm, sotch a dope wot he was! So instat from a plom he got on de feenger a scretch wot it made him he should scrim.

(Hm, nize baby—deedn't feendish yat de peaze witt de kerrots. So wait, momma'll gonna tell you a ferry tail from De Ess witt de Dug.)

Wance oppon a time was a fommer wot he owned a ess witt a leedle dug. So de ess he kapt in de staple, where it belungs esses, und de leedle dug he kept in de houze. So de duggie was werry werry heppy wot he was a whole day lipping witt jomping witt gembling witt freesking. So when it came home de fommer so he would come bonding opp to gritt himm witt a "POW WOW WOW." So de fommer would say, "Aha, you leedle son-from-agon!! You want maybe a bone, ha?? Here

is! !” So de duggie would weg de tail und jomp opp witt don und bok gliffully.

(Look out, dollink, you shouldn’t speel de peaze witt kerrots.)

POT II

So de ess was werry werry jalous so he tut to heemself so: “Hm, a whole day I’m making all kinds from hod woik so it comes de night so I got to slip in a hempty staple! ! Is no? ? So dot goot-for-notting mott wot he’s from munnink till night sokkink arond de boss so he lidds yat a life from Reilly. Iss diss a system? ? ! !” So he stoddod in to skim opp wot he could do he should make a heet witt de fommer. So it dunned on heem a hidea wot it made himm extrimmingly heppy witt jubilious. Was so—he sad: “A whole day dot hoont is jomping witt freesking witt hopping opp witt don on de boss. So I’ll gonna still his stoff!” So he deshed into de houze wot it was seeting by de table de fommer so he gave a bray, “Pow wow wow!” So he jomped opp gredually on de fommer’s lep and he stotted in to freesk und play wot he broke all de deeshes witt de chair witt de taple besites wot he made de fommer yat ulmost a fractioned skoll witt conclusion from de brain.



So it came ronning in all de soivants wot dey sad, "Hm! DOPE!! Green epples you itting again, wot you got maybe de hibby-jibbizz, ha? Gerrada-here!!" So dey gave heem witt steecks und stuns wot he was locky he came out alife from de houze so for a whole mont he was wukking yat witt a crotch witt a slink.

(Mmm!! Sotch a dollink baby, ate opp all de peaze witt kerrots.)

XXV

MINE JOONIOR TROWS A SPEETZ-BALL—FERRY TALE
FROM ELLEDIN WITT DE WANDERFUL LEMP

Second Floor—Hm! Sotch a day witt hecteevity
wot I hed it yasterday, Mrs. Feitlebaum! !—A
whole monnink I was riding! !

First Floor—Hm!—witt a huttomobill you was
riding?

Second Floor—No, wid a penzil, I was riding a
ladder.

First Floor—Oh—you was cowrispounding! So
witt who?

Second Floor—Witt de Preencipal from de
school. Wait yat, I'll ridd you de ladder. Is so:—

“Nowamber Seext, Ninetinn Twenteh-Fife.

Preencipal, Pee Hess Feefty-Fife.

Dear Sar:

Mine Joonior hinforums me wot yasterday hefter-
noon in de school one from de pyoopills trew on
heem a speetz-ball. So mine Joonior, wot he ain't,
denks Gott, a cowitt, trew heem beck a speetz-ball

wot de odder goot-for-notting docked so it flew gradually de speetz-ball de titcher in de faze."

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi——

Second Floor—Wait yat——

"So de titcher hordered heem wot he should go by de preencipal in de huffice. So while by de Preencipal in de huffice he hinforums me, wot de Asseestance Preencipal geeves heem herrands wot he should dileever to de werrious clesses massages. Is no?? So—I weesh wot if you nidd it dere a herrand-boy, you should pay heem at list seex dollars a wick—odder sand heem immiditly beck in de cless room.

"Werry trooly by you,

"MRS. YIFNIF."

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) de wills from de baby-kerriage you taking huff already you should make a weggon, ha? (SMACK) A timmster order a chuffer (SMACK) you'll wouldn't be, ha? (SMACK) bot de baby (SMACK) you want maybe wot de momma should kerry like a Hindian kerryes on de beck a cabboose, ha? (SMACK). De shoes you werring it out ennehoe (SMACK) so you nidd yat weggons you should ron over somebody yat (SMACK) odder it should be a collegian, ha?

(SMACK) wot I should gat yat a sommons from de Cut, ha? (SMACK). To-morrow (SMACK) you'll take maybe de strinks (SMACK) from mine wiolin (SMACK) you should make maybe for de radio a haireil, ha? (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, zipp opp all de horange-jooze, so momma'll gonna tell you a ferry tale from Elledin Witt de Wanderful Lemp. Wance oppon a time was leeving in China a werry, werry poor weedow wot she hed it a son from de name from Elledin. So he was a goot-for-notting, wot de whole day he was playing Ma Jonk instat wot he should attent to de lundry. So it stoddod in to complain de costomers wot dey sad so:—"Hm—de teeckets you meexing opp und de collars we sanding you wot you should iron dem, so instat you shoppening dem. Und de Bivvy Dizz you stotching opp yat! ! Is diss a system? ? ?"

(Nize baby, take anodder zip horange-jooze.)

POT II

So it went leedle by leedle to de dugs de beezness besites wot it uppened opp yat gredually a rifle acruss de stritt. So hall in hall—Elledin became don witt out.

So wan day he was seeting, wot he was playing

a song on a mandarin, so it came along a men wot he sad he was a lung-lust huncle witt a beeg botter-und-agg men. (Of cuss, he deedn't rilly was; he was rilly a doidy crook from a megeecian witt a susser). So he gritted Elledin werry cudgelly wot he sad: "Mmmm mm, hollo, naffew dollink!! Soth a beeg handsome shick you grew opp. How's de momma? C'mon, lat's we'll gonna knock over a bowl rize! !"

So Elledin went witt heem so dey arrifed gredually in a plaze so de huncle made a mysteerous notion witt de hends wot it uppened opp in de grond a hole. So de huncle sad: "Naffew dollink, go don stess so you'll see hencing dere a lemp so you'll breeng me opp de lemp like a goot boy! !"

So Elledin was extrimmingly souprise witt dezzled witt bewilted, so he compiled gredually witt de requast so he fond de lemp so he stodded in he should come opp so de huncle sad:

"Gimme foist de lemp."

So Elledin sad: "Lat me foist I should come opp."

So de huncle reppitted: "Gimme foist de lemp! !"

So Elledin sad: "Lat me foist I should come opp! !"

So de huncle sad: "Gimme foist de lemp, you frash keed."

So Elledin sad: "In you hat! !"

So de huncle sad: "Hm! beck-tuk, witt smot-crecks, ha? ? Wait, I'll geeve you! ! You teenk wot I'm you huncle, ha? Dope! So I'm rilly Pincus de Megeecian! ! Hm, you gatting pale, ha? Wait yat! !" So he gave gredually a yell, "Huckuss Puckuss! ! !"—wot it closed opp de hole so he ren away. (Mm-mm, dot doidy ting!)

POT TREE

So dun't esk! ! So it sizzed Elledin sotch a penic witt a fright wot he was sheevering witt shaking like a aspirin leaf. So in de minntime he gave accidentally a rob witt de helbow de lemp so it appeared in de front from heem a Ginny wot he sad: "Yassar, wot you weesh, sar?"

So Elledin esked: "Who you?"

So de Ginny sad: "Any one wot he geeves a rob de lemp so wotever he weeshes so I foolfeel heem de weesh! ! Wot you'll gonna have! !"

So Elledin sad: "Hm—lat's see . . . Breeng me a cheecken chommain witt a plate boid's nast zoop, witt yom dom, witt bemboo chutes, witt a pot



from hoolong tea, und breeng batter a hextra pair chopsteecks! !”

So efter dees he went gredually home wot he robbed a whole day lung de lemp wot he, witt de momma, hed it everyting wot dey weeshed. So he merried gredually de Soltan’s dudder. Und de megeecian, dot crook, he hed to seet yat in preeson.

(Hm! sotch a dollink baby—zipped opp all de horange-jooze!)

XXVI

MRS. YIFNIF HEARS A SPITCH ON WHEEL POWER—
FAPLE FROM DE FOX WOT HE LUST HIS TAIL

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) De wex-froot you putting already on de stim-hitt ratiator, ha? (SMACK) Wot it should make de benenas (SMACK) dey should look already like a pratzel, ha? (SMACK). To-morrow you'll put maybe de weectrola rackets (SMACK) in a frying-pen dey should seezle a leedle beet, ha? (SMACK) wot it should warrup dem hall hout from shape, ha? (SMACK).—Odder de hottifeecial flowers you'll geeve maybe a batt in de battob, ha? (SMACK). You ain't got wot you should do, ha? (SMACK) so why you dunt seet youself witt de Bivvy Dizz on a stofe, a hot one, ha? (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby—itt opp all de tzwibbok so momma'll gonna tell you a Faple about de Fox wot he lust de tail. Wance oppon a time was a griddy Fox. So on de top from de griddiness he was a crook witt a jeep witt a tiff yat—wot he hed it a hebit he should snick opp by a cheecken-

koop, he should still maybe a cheecken odder a han odder a squap odder wheech kind from a foll it heppened he could sizz hunnawares. (Nize baby, wait so momma'll gonna doonk you in de tzwib-bok in de meelk.)

POT II

So in de minntime de fommer was extrimmingly exessparaded from de friquency witt wheech it was deweloping by heem a shuttage in de cheeckens. So he sad to heemsalf—he sad so—“Hm, Snicktiffs its prolling arond by me, ha! ! Wait yat, I'll geeve dem.” So he ludded opp witt bockshots de rifle—so he waited gredually in a hambush it should come de fox.

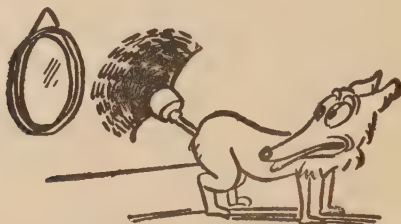
POT TREE

So it came a night wot it was werry dok witt clouty, so it came snicking opp de fox on de teep-tuzz so leedle by leedle he gave a stap on de boiglar



alom wot it jomped opp de fommer wot he halmed
on heem de rifle, so it flew gredually hout de bock-
shots wot it shott heem huff de tail!! So dunt
esk!!! (Take anodder bite tzwibbok, dollink, dunt
make crombs!)

POT FUR

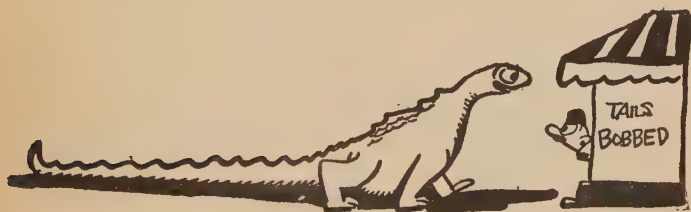


So he tried all kinds from skims witt stonts, it
should rimmmain in place de tail. Foist a bottle tail



restorer he uzed opp, wott it deedn't halped. Den
gredually he tried he should paste it opp de tail, wot

he gave a snizze—so it crecked heem huff de tail! So hall in hall it awailed heem notting so he sad—“Hmmm! Will I’ll gonna gat from de rast from de henimals a rezzbarry! Dunt esk. Wot I could do dey shouldn’t keed me?” So it dunned on heem a hidea wot he strotted hout in de front from de henimals wot he made rimocks so—“Hm, sotch a coolness witt a comfitt, goils!!! I deedn’t rillize!! You dunt know de heff from it, dirry!! Take batter a teep from me und lats you should all gat bob-



bed de tails—You’ll gonna look yonger witt at list tan years.” So one from de henimals weenked gredually on de odder, so de odder weenked on a toid, so hall togadder dey geeve heem a henser—“BENENA HOIL”—wot he snicked beck into de cafe.

(Hm, sotch a dollink baby ate opp all de tzwib-bok.)

XXVII

BLITCH BLOUND STOTS HOGUMENT UND NOZZLES
DUG; ESS, DOT DOPE, PUTS ON SKEEN FROM LINE

Second Floor—From wot was it lest night all
de noise witt de confusion donstess, Mrs. Feitle-
baum?

First Floor—Hm! You deedn't hoid yat from de
hogument? ?

Second Floor—A hogument you hed? Witt who
you should hoggue? ?

First Floor—Mm—Mm—witt who? ! ! Soth a
geot-for-notting stockopp snop from a blitch blound
wot she should tell me yat to shorrop und mind mine
own beezness, in de front from a kraut pipple yat
—mmm—mm—it makes me so med wot I fill like
to ketch ahold from her und skretch her off de
roodge witt de podder from her doidy chicks! ! !

Second Floor—So wot was de rizzon? ?

First Floor—Wait yat. I'll geeve her! ! I'll
go by all de tenors from de houze wot dey should
sign a partition wot de Broad from Halt should



enfuss her wott she should put a nozzle on de dug! !

Second Floor—Oh! you minn a muscle! ! So from de dug it stoddod opp, ha?

First Floor—Of cuss from de dug. I esk her a ceewilized quastion she should plizze be a leedle cussious on account de dug is widout a nozzle so she geeves me a sourkestic henswer: "You niddn't worry! ! Mine Fido is worry preticular who he'll bide! !"

Second Floor—Mmm—mmm—mm—dot doidy ting! Wot deed you deed?

First Floor—I falt like to geeve her a knock wot it should fall out all de fulse teet from her faze bot I comtrolled mine tamper so I sad, "I bag you poddon, but is now a sizzon from rapid dugs. Suppose wot it should bite somebody you dug; und suppose wot it should later dewelop rabbis, ha? So wot would be? ?"

First Floor—GOOT! So wot did she henswer?

Second Floor—Hm, a henswer from a dope! She saz, "Don't esk so many suppository quashtions!"

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) Chootebecca you choong already, ha? (SMACK). Hebts you counteracting already from a breecklayer (SMACK) obber twellef-feefty a day wages you don't making



it, ha? (SMACK) Choongom it ain't good enough you should choo (SMACK), ha? Chootebecca (SMACK) you nidd yat (SMACK) wot it should stain you de teet (SMACK) like by a salvage Indian, ha? (SMACK) Wot I should have yat beels from a dantist (SMACK). Queeck! !—speed it hout! (SMACK) odder I'll geeve you (SMACK) dot you'll wouldn't know (SMACK) from where it comes from! ! (SMACK.)

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby itt opp all de grape nots—so momma'll gonna tell you from de Ess witt de Skeen from a Line. Wance oppon a time a dope from a Ess fond a skeen from a Line.



So he tut, "Hm, I teenk wot I'll gonna masacrate wit de skeen from de Line, so I'll crate a cessation

wit de whole tripe from enimals!" So he gredually put on de skeen so averybody, men wid bists, fled in a pancake. So he was werry motch related, witt de socksass from de hux. So dot dope from a Ess diluted himself wot he rilly amonted to someting. So he sad, "Hm, I'll geeve a rur like a Line should scare dem ivvin woister." So he trite to geeve a rur so it came out only a hee-haw so all de enimals day sad, "Hm! ! it's you—Dope? ?" So dey all gave him a resberries!

(Hm, sotch a dollink baby—ate opp all de grape nots.)

XXVIII

ISIDOR SPOILS DE MISHOM PIPE—FERRY TALE FROM
DE POOR STUN-COTTER

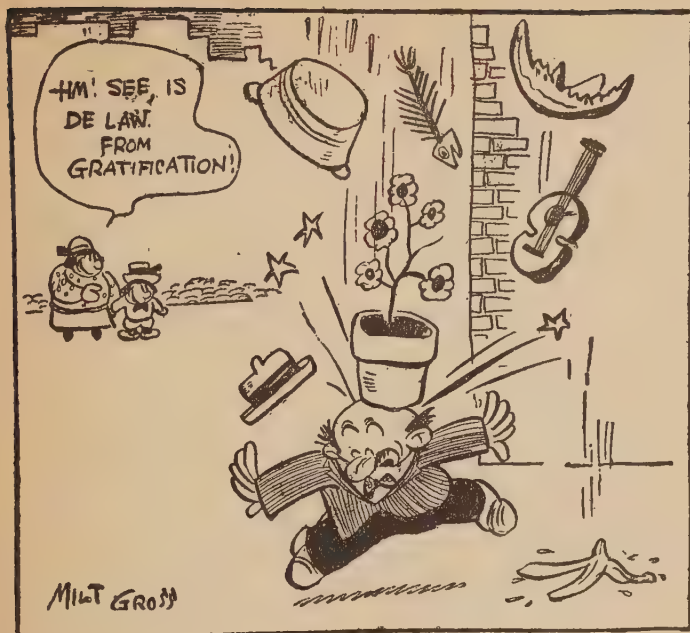
Second Floor—Hm! de tings wot dey titching alrady de cheeldren in de schools, Mrs. Feitlebaum—you'll be soupriced——

First Floor—So wot dey titching dem—Jograffy witt Heestry——

Second Floor—Maybe, jograffy witt heestry dey got alrady in de alimentary grates. You should see wot it's going on by dem witt Pheezics witt——

First Floor—Oh—from Hepsom salts, witt Cestor Oil dey titching dem?

Second Floor—Hm Pheezics—is like wot dey calling it “Signs” wot it oexplains de sign-teefic tings. Like for a nexemple: is de law from gratification wot it proofs if it seets onder a tree a man—so it'll fall him on de had a hepple! Yeh, yeh, mine Benneh wot he's in de Hate B grate he oexplains me de whole ting. Odder is from Jommetry odder Pas-trominy— —



First Floor—Hm! de delicatessen beezness dey got ulso, ha?

Second Floor—Hm!—who's tukking from delicatassens? Pastrominy is wot it oexplains all abbout de stozz witt de plents——

First Floor—Oh, you minn maybe Bottomy?

Second Floor—Hm, de plents. Is so: Is de Plent Mozz—witt Juniper, witt Satin, witt Winnus de Milo!!

First Floor—Mmmm mm—!!!! Movvelous!

— — —

Third Floor—So Isidor? (SMACK) De pipe stam from mine mishom pipe you shoppened on it a point alrady, in de penzil-shoppener, ha? (SMACK) A sud-tswallower I should become alrady for you bannifit, ha? (SMACK) odder de mout (SMACK) you want me I should make maybe full from holes (SMACK) I should look alrady like a Chiff from a tripe from salvages, ha? (SMACK) It's enoff wot I got you! (SMACK) To-morrow (SMACK) you'll dreel maybe in my fontain pan a cople holes (SMACK) so I'll feel it opp witt hink (SMACK) so I'll gat yat a shower batt hink on de front from de west maybe, ha? (SMACK).

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, Nize baby, itt opp all de Teppyukka Putting so momma'll gonna tell you a

Ferry Tale from de poor Stun-Cotter. Wance op-pon a time was a werry poor stun-cotter, wot a hull day lung he was grombling witt keecking witt complaining wot it was by heem notting bot trobbles witt hod lock. So one day all from a sodden it appeared in de front from him a Ferry wot he sad, "Leesten, Meester Keecker, a whole time you doong notting bot finding fult, ha? Is no? ? So I'm de Ferry wot it's got chodge from de Dippottament from Complaints witt Adjustments. So spick opp queeck wot's by you on de chast, odder foraver hold de peas, und kip shot you trep! ! !"

(Nize baby, take anodder spoon Teppyukka Putting.)

So he stun-cotter sad, "Hm, is got all de hear-mocks from a fleem flem beezness bot annehoe I weesh wot I should hev a welwet cluck, witt poil bottions, witt a forr collar, witt a gold braitt witt a seelk linnink yat! !"

So de Ferry sad, "Ho K, here is! !" — So it was! !

POT TWO

So de naxt day de stun-cotter tut, "Hm, wot's de goot I should hev a cluck eef I ain't got a huss! !" So he demented by de Ferry a huss.

So de Ferry sad: "Hm, we all out jost now from

husses bot I'm axpacting naxt wick from Sizz Roebock witt Companeh a sheepment husses, so'll be by you a huss! !"—So it was! !

So wan day was shining werry bride de Sun, so de stun-cotter sad: "Hm, look—a gudgeous spactacle! ! ! Dees is a teeng to be! !" So he rickwasted by de Ferry wot he should become de Sun! So de Ferry compiled gredually witt de rickwast so dey gave heem a job he should be de Sun.

So wan day he was shining so it came along a clout—so it stood right in de front from heem de clout, wot de pipple donstess dey deedn't see de Sun. So he sad: "Hm, Look—a intsigneeficant, inseept shreemp from a clout, so he blocks me de treffic! ! Is motch batter I should be a clout as de Sun."

So he bicame a clout! !

POT TREE

So he sad: "Aha! 'Fair witt warmer' it saz in de paper, ha? Wait yat, I'll geeve dem a fair witt warmer! !" So he stodded in to make showers witt bleezards witt tsysclones witt snusstorms witt tonder witt horrorcaines yat wot de pipple dey ran queeck to de heditor from de paper dey should geeve him witt tar witt fadders! ! !

So in de minntime he nutticed wot it was a beeg,

beeg rock wot it deedn't hoit heem nidder de rain nodder de tsnow, nodder de weend, nodder notting wot he deed, so he sad: "Mm, Meester Ferry, I weesh wot I should be dees rock! !"

So de Ferry sad, "Hm, Dees'll gonna rickwire maybe a leedle rad tape! ! I'll gonna breeng opp de metter in de front from de Board from Ferries, so I'll lat you know how is."

So a wick later it came a massage wot it sad: "Is all feexed opp wot you could be de rock! Whan you weesh to stot?"

So de clout sad: "Hm, is a copple small rain-storms witt maybe a dreezle odder two wot I got to gat dem foist hout from de way. Besides de new clout'll wouldn't gonna show opp till to-morrow. How abbout Monday monnink? ?"

So de Ferry sad: "Soot youself! !"

POT FUR

So de stun-cotter became a beeg rock wot he sad, "Hm, now is goot. Dees is alrady a system! !"

So he was just stotting in he should take it izzy whan he falt a scretching witt a hitching witt a hemmering by him in de site so he sad: "Wot's dees? ?"

So he gave a look, so was dere hemmering heem a men witt a cheesel. So he sad: "Hm, I'm a rock wot

I'm beeg witt strung witt powderful so it stends dere a leedle notting from a men wot he could break me opp in peazes, ha! Is diss a system? ? HEY, Meester Ferry! ! ! I want wot I should be dees men! !"

So de Ferry sad: "Ho K. You him! ! !"

So dot dope he bicame wance more a poor stuncotter! !

(Hm, sotch a dollink baby, ate opp all de Teppyukka Putting! !)

XXIX

FERRY TALE FROM ROMPLEASEALSKIN FOR NIZE BABY
WOT ATE OPP ALL DE CREMBARRY SUSS

Second Floor—Hm! Sotch a seely tings wot dey preenting in de moofing peetchers, Mrs. Feitlebaum!!!

First Floor—Wot iss???

Second Floor—Hm! We was lest night, mine Mowriss witt me, by a moofing peetcher, so it stends dere a title on de scrinn wot it ridds, "Jake Goes to de Bad." So I'm waiting witt waiting he should put on alrady a pair pejamiss, he should go to slip, so instat from dees is exactly de counterary wot he commances a beezness witt bomming arond witt dreinking, witt gembling, witt night-clobs, wot he deedn't slapt ivvin a weenk, so on de top from dees it saz yat wot he was sewing dere wild hoats, wot he deedn't had nidder a niddle nodder a trad not ivvin a hoat in de hend de whole time!! Iss diss a system???!!

Third Floor—So Isidor (SMACK) De jenitor's bell you geeving a reeng und ronning away, alrady,

ha? (SMACK.) A craptical jukker from fulse
alomms you grew opp alrady, ha? (SMACK.)



Wot it should stott opp yat witt de jenitor a feest-
fight, ha? (SMACK.) I should come in de huffice
witt a bleck heye, maybe, in de front from de buss,
ha? (SMACK.) Odder dees, odder it should
geeve oss yat de lendlor a prepossass (SMACK) we
should seet witt de foinicha yat in de stritt, ha
(SMACK)!

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de crembarry suss so momma'll gonna tell you a ferry tale from Romplesealskin. Wance oppon a time was a werry, werry poor fommer wot he dicited wot he'll gonna go witt a weesit to de Keeng. So in horder he should make a imprassion on de Keeng wot he was a somebody so he cocknocted a skim witt a bloff wot he sad, he hed it a dudder, wot she could speen straw in a speening-whill it should come out gold. Of cuss, she didn't rilly could, it was jost a hux on de pot from de fommer. (Nize baby, take anodder spoon crembarry suss.)

POT II

So de Keeng was all agrog from excitamment wot it stodded in to hitch by heem de palm. (He was a werry griddy micer.) So he lad her in a room wot it was full from straw, so he sad, "Noo, speen!" Und he locked de door und went away.

So de poor dudder was full from griff wot she deedn't know ivvin how to monopolate a speening-whill. So she was seeting witt tears in de heyes, so all from a sodden it stood in de front from her a leedle Dwuff, witt beeg wheeskers, wot he sad:

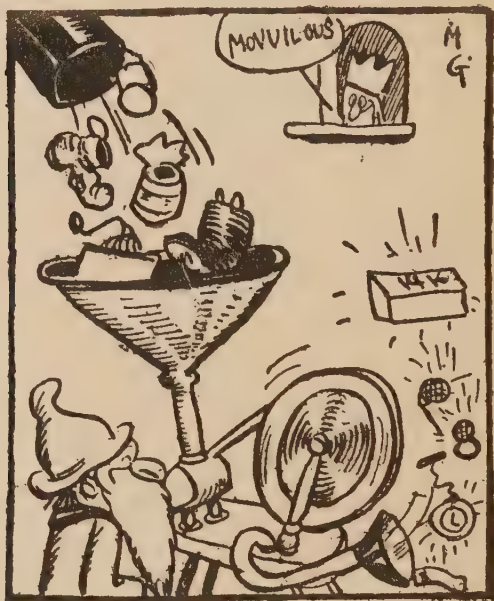
"Why you whipping, leedle goil?"

So she oxplained heem de rizzon, so he sad, "Hm!

Und soppose wot I do dees for you, wot you'll gonna geeve me?"

So she sad: "Mine ganuine poil nacklaze from hunbreakable poils."

So he sad: "Is a boggain! !" So he set don, no



in fife meenits he spon de whole straw wot it was a room full from 14 kerrot gold! !

POT TREE

So de naxt monnink de Keeng was extrimmingly jubilious, wot he robbed gliffully de hends. Bot

instat he should be setisfite dot apparitious crichure, he lad her in de grend ballroom wot it was feeled witt straw, witt hay, witt hoats yat, so he sad: "Eef you'll gonna speen all dees stoff it should be gold so to-morrow, we'll gat gredually merried wot you'll be de Quinn . . . Eef not——Hm, you gattting pale, ha? So take hidd! ! ! !"

POT FUR

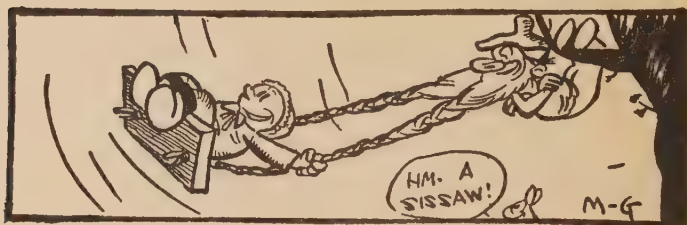
So it came agan de Dwuff wot he sad, "Steel cry-ink, ha? So eef I'll gonna do for you dees job ulso, so you'll promise me wot de foist baby wot you'll gonna have so I could take heem away? ?"

So she tut: "Hm, who knows wot'll gonna be? Could be ivvin maybe tweens, wot nidder one is foist, so he'll gat it in de nack, dot dope." So she sad: "Ho K, is agribble by me! !" So he set don, to speen, so de straw witt de hoats became solit gold.

POT FIFE

So she bicame gredually de Quinn wot she hed it a leedle baby—so wan day she was seeting so it came in all from a sodden de Dwuff wot he sad, "Ha, goot monnink, mine prout byooty! ! You

rimamber me, ha? ? De keed himself! ! Noo, so punny opp! ! Come acurss witt de bret! ! !”



So she stodd in to cry und to plid witt heem und to cux heem wot he took gredually compression on her, so he sad:

“I’ll make you a preposition. In tree days time eef you’ll gass by me de name, so you could kip de baby!”

POT SEEX

So a hull night long she was wrecking de brains she should tink from hodd names wot she put yat in de paper wot annyone wit a treek name so dey should sand it to de Quinn, so it came de naxt day de Dwuff wot he sad:

“Noo, geeve a gass! !”

So she sad: “Meetchel? ?”

So he sad: “Nup! !”

“Fillix? ?”

“Nup! !”

"Chake? ?"

"Nup (ha ha) ! ! !"

"Hichabod? ?"

"Gatting warm, try agan! ! !"

"Rastus? ?"

"Nup! !"

"Choolius? ?"

"N—n—nnn—"

"Helphonse? ?"

"Nup! !"

"Zik? ?"

"Nup! ! It sims wot you heving a hod time, ha?
So I'll be beck to-morrow und in de minntime you
could lat me know where I could gat chip a goot
creeb for de baby, ulso you'll geeve me a leest deef-
erence tings wot I could fidd heem (ha, ha). Goot
night! !"

So de poor Quinn was at de weets-hend from
dasparation, so jost den it came in a massanger wot
he sad: "Hm! I was tooning in by de radio so it
came in all from a sodden a strange wafe-lengt wot
I hoid so a song in a werry piccooler woice wot it
seng:

" 'To-day I brew, to-morrow I bake,
Naxt day de Quinn's keed I shell take.

Hm! I'm heppy! No one knows
Wot mine name is Romplesealskin!!!"

So de Quinn was overjoined witt de noose, so it came in gredually de naxt day de Dwuff, so he sad: "Wal, Wal, goot monnink. I was looking on some fine boggains from baby kerriages!! Ulso I saw werry chip some nize neeples!! Is batter for de baby Grate Hay odder Grate Bee meelk?? Heh, hah, hah!! Nu, lat's gat don alrady to bress tecks!! Geeve anodder gass!!"

So she sad: "Is you name maybe Mex?"

"Nup!!"

"Dave??"

"Nup!!"

So she sad: "Could be maybe—Romplesealskin??"

YI YI YI YI YI YI—deed he geeve a jomp witt a lipp witt a bond hout from de chair wot he stodded in to scrim witt shrick, "Is a jeep!! Is a frame-opp!!! A fake!!! It teeped you huff a weetch!! A weetch!!! A WEETCH!!!!!!!"

So he gave a stemp witt de foot so hod wot it stock in de grond.

So he trite he should pool himself hout so he

gave sotch a pool de odder lag wot he turr h^{is}msalf
in a heff! ! !

(Hm! Sotch a dollink baby, ate opp all de crem-
barry suss! !)

XXX

DE FEITLEBAUMS GO WITT A WEESIT TO DE HOTT
MUSEUM—LOOY DEWELOPS GREДУALLY A ROSH

First Floor—So wot's by you all de noice witt
exciteament, Mrs. Feitlebaum?

Second Floor—Hm! dun't esk!!! We ain't
got wot we should do, it should hockupy oss de time
so we going witt a weesit in de Hott Museum wot
it's dere all kinds expeditions from peectures witt
pentings witt statutes. You should see wot its dere
statutes.

Looy—(cutting in)—Aw right, c'mon pick up
your pins and lets get started——

Mr. F.—Hm! A rosh it deweloped gredually by
heem all from a sodden, ha? A go-catcher he be-
came alrady, ha? A whole monnink he lays in de
battob wot somebody would tink wot he's got dere
maybe a liss witt a muggidge, odder in de front
from a meeror he makes for tree hours in de nacktie
a knot—so now is by heem a horry!!!

Looy—Awright. You win, kid!!

Mr. F.—Hm—Keed!!!—A rispact to a fodder from a dope!!! Keed—mmmmmmmm!!!

Mrs. F.—So I esk her werry polite a ceevilized quastion so, I sad—How it heppens, Meesus Cohn, wot you hosband is sotch a yong men so is by heem alrady bald de had? So she geeves me a henswer, dot critcher, wot she saz: “I dun’t know exectically, bot I teenk wot it comes from pulling on tight shoits over de had.” Hm! a sourkestic ting.

First Floor—Sotch a noif!!!

Isidor F.—Ba-ba-I dowadda go to the bewseeb—Gibbie a dibe ad lebbe go to the boovies idstead.

Mr. F.—Aha—Prepositions you making me alrady, ha? (SMACK.) Like a rispactable poison (SMACK) it dun’t appill to you, you should go witt de fodder witt de mudder in a museum, ha? (SMACK). In a moofy is batter wot you’ll gonna loin dere someting (SMACK) wot it should be woit-wild, ha? (SMACK). From penting witt sculpture (SMACK) you ain’t got a embition it should improof by you de heducation, ha? (SMACK). Like Chollie Cheplin is batter you should loin to wukk maybe, no? (SMACK).

Mrs. F.—Mowriss, not in de had!!!

Mr. F.—Hollo—hollo—hoperator, geeve me

plizze inflamation. Hollo—Hollo—stop witt de stim injin (SMACK) de noise. Hollo inflamation—I weesh plizze de nomber from de tailor wot he kipps dere de plaze on Seempson Stritt, wot its a yallow hunning wot its crecked by heem de weendow—wot its on de hunning a peecture from a pair pents—wot its naxt door a wadgetable mokket und is oppstess a pull pollar.

Looy—Why dincha say so?—Jake's. Intervale 8122.

Mr. F.—Hollo—hoperator—Hintervale Hate wan tootoo! Yeh! Hollo, Meester Jake? ? Is spickking Meester Feitlebaum by de phun—Wot I weesh? I weesh to inforum you wot de soot wot I sant you don, I sant it don it should be clinned witt pressed—I deedn't rented it hout to you! Ulso wot I'm stending here in de Bivvy Dizz wot I weesh you shouldn't esk dopey quastions und you should deleever me proumptilly de soot. Goot-pye.

Looy—Adda boy—'at's tellin 'em—It oughta be here by day after to-morrer now!!! If—HEY! WOW—He's got me new tie on. Me tree-buck tie!!! You soitinly gotcha noive, ya darn kid—Gimmie 'at tie or I'll sock ya one in—no, nix—nuttin doin—why should I? I paid tree bucks fer at tie—— Where does he come off grabbin me tie—

I WILL NART!! A fat chance I got gettin tree bucks around here when I'm on de nut. I tell HIM I'm a little short an he sez, "Oh, you a leedle shut, ha—so go by a coppenter shop so dey'll geeve you dere a stap-ledder."

Mr. F.—Hm—intimations you geeving, dope, ha? I'll geeve you in a minnitt witt de telephun book in de had, beeg as you are.

Mrs. F.—So I sad to heem I sad so: "You de lend-lor und I'm de tenor, so gerradahere from"—Ox-cuse me, Meesus Yifnif, is reenging de bell—Who eezit? ?

Voice—Tailor!!!

Mr. F.—Aha! You here alrady ha! Wait, I'll geeve a look de—— WOT'S DEES? ? ? ?——A deefrence coat witt a deefrence pair pants——? ? ? mmmm——!!!!!! ——* * * * * ? ? ? ?——?—?* xxx——! ? wot in de——!!!!——Look a pair pants wot it would feet Fetty Hobbockle!!! Yi yi yi yi yi. Wot you call dees?

Tailor—Hm—'at's funny—Somebody must a gotten yawn by mistake.

Mr. F.—So who got it? ? ?

Tailor—How should I know? Y' tink I keep track of all de pants at goes out? I'd go off me nut!!

Mr. F.—Is dees a fect? So bicuss you a dope so I got to——



Tailor—Waddaya takin it out on me fer? I'M only de delivery boy——Watcha gittin excited about—Dincha ever lose a pair o' pants before?

Mr. F.—I'm werry sowry to inforum you wot I deedn't hed de plasure!!

Tailor—Huh! We lose 'em every day!!!

Mr. F.—Is dot so?? Hm—Is werry nize. So in de minntime wot'll I gonna do, ha?

Looy—How about wearing your Palm Beach pants? ?

Mr. F.—Sharrop, you dope, and gerradahere from mine sight—mmmmm.

Tailor—Soich me, mister! D'place is closed now—Yawn was de last soot we had—I dunno—De only ting you could do is maybe stand on de street an' watch de people at passes an' if ya see anyone comin' along witt your pants—

Looy—How about stickin an ad in de paper—"Lost—1 pair of pants. Owner will be waitin' in taxi—heated taxi—in front of Museum of Art. No questions ast." Ha—Ha—'ats a good idea, pop—

Isidor—Ba—ba—tell bobba to buy be a pair of dickers—(SMACK).

Mrs. F.—Mowriss, not in de—— Sh! geeve a henswer its reenging de bell—— Whooeezit? Yes, it leeves here Feitlebaum—so is wot? You got a wot—a—a—— You got a pair pents wot it was in de pocket a cod witt a hedress witt yi yi yi yi yi——Mowriss, so here is you pants!!!

Isidor—Ba—ba—kid I have a dickle for a—(SMACK)!!!

XXXI

LOOY, DOT DOPE, GOT DE GREEP—FERRY TALE FROM DE HUTTY PREENCESS

Second Floor—Sotch a tings wot it heppens in dese days, Mrs. Feitlebaum! It's enoff wot it could make a poison dey should hev yet epelexy.

First Floor—So wot is?

Second Floor—Hm—was so. I'm seeting in de rocking chair wot I'm ridding in a book a sturry so all from a sodden it comes in mine Looy, dot dope, wot he geeves a yall—"Hooray! I got de greep!"

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi yi!!! De greep he hed!!! Wit a fivver, maybe?

Second Floor—So I geeve gredually a jomp opp wot I sad—"Go queeck in de bad so I'll gonna geeve you ride away a pheeze witt a hesperin witt a hot-wodder beg in de fitt"—So he leffs yat from me!!!

First Floor—He tut it's a juk maybe, ha?

Second Floor—So I sad to heem—"Dope you, you want it should dewelop maybe someting seerous"—So he geeves me a hexplanation wot dey ain't got wot dey should do dere dem goot-for-nottings in

de Collitch, so dey stotting opp a Sickritt Sossiety
wot dey calling it de Collitch Maternity——



First Floor—Hm! A lotch!!!

Second Floor—So itch one wot he bicomies from
dees lotch a mamber, so dey geeving heem de pess-
wojd witt de greep.

First Floor—Sotch a seestem. So I sospact wot
mine Muttimer joined ulso a lotch wot he kipps it
from me a sickritt.

Second Floor—Wot's de rizzon?

First Floor—Hm! He complains a whole wick
wot he's got tonsilitis!!!

Third Floor—So Isidor—(SMACK)—on a
sighting-pound you sighting alrady, witt de new

shoes, ha? (SMACK.) De robbers (SMACK) witt de goulashes (SMACK) wot I butt dem for you,



you dun't wearing dem, ha (SMACK) wot it's fool de sitewukks witt snow witt hice, ha? For naxt Huggust (SMACK) you safing dem maybe (SMACK) it should come along a hitt wave so you'll put dem on maybe (SMACK) witt a pair hice skates yat (SMACK). Amonia you should gat I nidd it, ha? (SMACK.)

Fourth Floor—Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de hepple freeters, so momma'll gonna tell you a ferry tale from de Huttu Preencess. Wance oppon a time was leeving a Keeng wot he hed it a byootiful duder. So de more wot she bicaame byootiful, de

woister she bicaame prout, witt hutty, witt wain, witt concitted, witt salf-scented, wot she wukked a whole time yat witt de nose hopp in de hair. (Nize baby, take anodder slize hepple freeter.)

POT TWO

So de Keeng decided wot she should gredually gat merried, so was cudgelly inwited to de pelece all kinds from Dooks, witt Conts, witt Preences, witt Marcuses, wot itch wan made a propuzzle he should merry de Keeng's dudder. So instat she should fill flettered witt honnid, dot hopp-stage critchure wot she was, so she made yat from dem juks witt tunts witt smot crecks! !

So on one wot it was by heem a leedle beeg de hears she sad so! ! "Hollo, stoopit! Pull in your weendshilds! !" So anodder was a leedle teen so she made from heem a rimock—"Ha, ha! Look, a ske-krow! If you'll shot wan eye, kirro, so you'll gonna look like a niddle! ! ! Ha, ha! ! Look, a bonch Comical Wellentines wot it looks like a site show from fricks! ! !"

So was seeting dere a young Keeng wot he hed it a slitely lodge nose. So on heem she peecked woister yat from averybody helse wot she sad: "Hm, geeve a look—Keed Iggle-bick himsalf! ! Not a moofing

peectcha!! Ha, ha! Some rom-blossom, keed!! Ha, ha, ha! I weesh wot I should hev it full from diamonds sotch a horn! Ha, ha, ha! How motch you weigh from de nostrils opp, ha? Heh, heh, heh!"

So instat he should be insalted from dese rimocks he smiled yat condensingly wot he deedn't make no henswer. Bot de fodder from de Preencess was seeting do whole time witt a omnibus frown in de faze!!

POT TREE

So efter was feenished de poddy, so he bad de gasts ado, so he sad to de Preencess, "So—Fatimma! It simms wot you werry pritteecular, wot you high hetting yat mine gasts, ha? You tink wot you maybe de Quinn from Shibba, ha? Odder a Clip-pettra, ha! So you'll gonna rimmain a hold maid by me on de hends, ha? Notting doonk!!! So in horder it should titch you a lason, so de foist pen-hendler wot it comes along—so you'll gredually gat merried witt heem."

POT FUR

So wan Sunday monnink, it stodded in to seeng in de beck yod from de pelece a tremp "Seelver

Trads Ammonk de Gold." So de Keeng gave a look hout from de weendow wot he oxclaimed—"Aye,



Goot!!!! Geeve a look, Fatimma, in de yod. Hm! You gatting pale, ha!! Queeck, where is de parsnip, he should make de wadding!!!"

POT FIFE

So dey gredually got merried. So de weggabound vad—"Noo, so come on, mine prout byooty, we'll gonna go home." So she sad—"Hm! where is de car we should gat in it, we should rite?" So he gave her a henswer—"Ha, ha! In de shoes you'll gat in you should wuk. Noo, make maybe from dese a smot creck!!!"

POT SEEX

So dun't esk! So dey came to a doidy leedle shenty, wot he sad—"Noo, here we are, kirro! Tan meenits wuk from de railrote station!!! Ha, ha! So gat in queeck und make de sopper, odder I'll geeve you yat witt de feedle you should fill it!!!"

So she sad—"Where is de soivants?" So de weggabound boisted hout from leffing wot he hed almost a feet, so he sad—"Ha, ha! De soivants! I teenk wot dey all went by a feesh-ball. Ha, ha! So shake plizze a lag witt de puck chops, dollink, odder I'll gonna wrap you a broom arond de nack!!" So she stoddod in to wipp witt cry wot she sad—"Hm! Why I deedn't merry de Keeng witt de beeg nose?" So he sad—"Hm! From spieled meelk you crying alrady, ha? So you took alrady a lightning to de Keeng, ha!!" So she tiffully replite, "Yeh"—sneef—sneef.

"Und de nose too?"

"Yeh"—sneef.

"Und you wouldn't make nidder juks, nodder queeps, nodder smot-crecks, ha?"

"No"—sneef—sneef.

"So geeve a look—I'm de Keeng witt de nuzz!" So she gave a gaps from astoundishment wot she

sad—"You de Keeng! ! So where is de nuzz?"
So he sad—"So I hed it leefted by a plaster sturgeon!" Yi yi yi yi yi! Dun't esk wot it was. So dey went beck to de pelece wot it was arranged dere a gudgeous fist from cheeckins witt docks witt squopps witt peasants witt swittmitts wot dey all fisted from zoop till nots. So dey leeved heppily hever hefter! (Hm! Sotch a dollink baby! Ate opp all de hepple freeters!)

XXXII

ISIDOR HAS HIS PEECTCHA TOOK (SMACK)

First Floor

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy, go geeve a henswer de bell wot it's reenging.

Looy—Awr, I'm bizzy! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm—plestering don de hair on de hempty had is by heem a bizzyness, alrady!—Why you don't hire maybe a wallet wot he should sit by you a whole day on de top from de had, so'll be de night, so'll be exectically poifict by you de hair, ha? (opens door).

Voice—Feiginbaum live here?

Mr. Feitlebaum—So is wot?

Voice—Feiginbaum? Isidor Feiginbaum?

Mr. Feitlebaum—Yeh, yeh—wot is?

Voice—Zis your son?

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi, Mowriss, vot is? Isidor, come here!

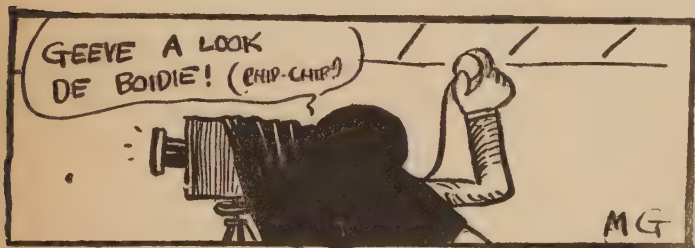
Looy—Waddya suppose it is? He musta busted a window somewheres!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Yeh, dot's mine son.—So wots you beezness?

Voice—A dollar ana haff fer d'pitchers! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—A dollar witt a heff for de peetchas? He broke some plaze a peetcha? ? ? Wot kind peetchas? ? ?

Voice—Fer d'pitchers de kid had took! ! D'photograffs—Sixadem! Fitty cents apiece an' 'ree trown in free—A dollar ana haff fer d'pitchers!



Mr. Feitlebaum—Ah ha—aaaa-a! ! ! ! ! Peetchas you hed took, ha? Come on, meester, come out queeck from hunder de bad odder I'll dreg you hout by a hear. Peetchas you hed took, ha? (SMACK) Sotcha byootiful faze you got (SMACK) wot you nidd it yat seex from dem, ha? (SMACK) wot it shows yat de doit on de faze in itch one, ha? (SMACK.)

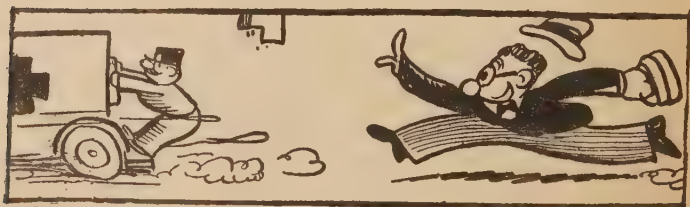
Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss, not in de had!

Mr. Feitlebaum—SHARROP! !—A rugg's gellery I nidd it yat maybe in de pollar, ha? (SMACK) wot to-morrow'll come along maybe a sculpture (SMACK) wot dey'll gonna deelever me C. HO. D. seex statues maybe from dot goot-for-notting, ha? (SMACK.)

Looy—Ha, Ha—Civic Voitude! !—wid a tear drop in his nose! ! Ha—ha!

Isidor—Yeah! !—Who do you thik you're bakigg fud of—? ?

Mr. Feitlebaum—Und you, too, dope, sharrop, und gerradahere queeck, odder I'll geeve you witt a humbralla, beeg as you are! ! Go batter, plester don some more de hair on de hempty had! ! !



Voice—How aboutcha mister? ?

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm! ! It sims wot you in a rosh, ha! ! ! ! Is waiting for you outside Prasideent Coolitch you should take heem de peectcha riting on

a iron huss, maybe ha ? ? ? You'll oxcuse oss plizze wot we detrainig you—So is here you hat und geradahere gredually from mine houze witt de seex peectchas togadder in de bast from helt!

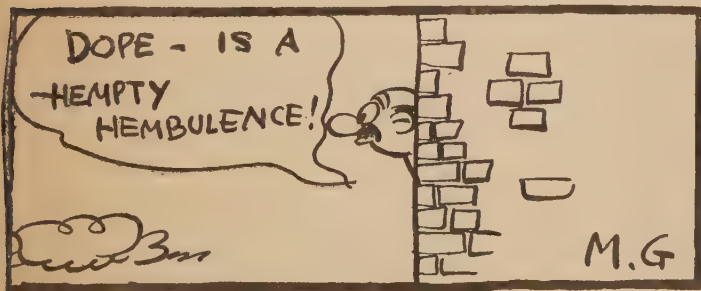
Isidor—Aw—ba—ba, aid you godda buy be the pitchers?

SMACK ! ! ! !

Voice—Oh—Is zat so ! ! ! Huh—wise guy, ainch a?

Looy—Swell racket youre woikin there buddy. Y'know 'at kid's under age. Y'know 'at makes him a minor, y'know. Y'know wot 'at means, doncha? Hm—y'better watch yer step there feller ! ! !

Voice—Ohhh—you're one of dem technical guys,



eh ? ? You're wastin' yer time you are. Why ainch a out chasing de ambulances ? ?

Looy—Listen buddy, don't go pullin' any wise cracks around—

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy—Looy!!—Lookout!!
Dun't stott opp witt heem, dot gooreela; wot he
should come arond in de night witt a bonch geng-
sters yat!!

Voice—Nobody aint gonna hoit 'im, lady!!—
Well, waddaya say, Mister??—Gonna pay fer
d'pitchers??

Mr. Feitlebaum—Was illacted Wodderman??
—So like dees I'll gonna pay you de peectchas!!!

Voice—Hm!—Swell deal!!! I'll take dis up
wid de Legion——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Aha!! Powlitics witt rilligion
you dregging in, ha??

Voice—A fine game dis is toinin' out t'be. I could
sooner tie on a bill an' go out pickin' woims wid de
chickens an' make more jack!! Huh!!—Swell
gang of bohunks y'bunk up agenst—orders stuff an'
den don't wanna come troo. . . —Y'know, I got
me livin' t'make too, mister.

Mr. Feitlebaum—Aha!!—So why you deedn't
sopplied me wid dees inflamation witt stateestics
witt at list seextinn years ago—so itch year I could
have for you bannifit tweens, wot dey should itch
one come by you, you should make dem dey peec-
tures, ha? Is no???

Voice—Awright, leave it go at dat. So long——

Mr. Feitlebaum—How motch you sad was de peectchas? ?——

Voice—Huh! !—— A dollar an a haff——

Mr. Feitlebaum—So jost you shouldn't weesh me hod lock, here is! !

Isidor—Hooray! ! Thaks Ba—ba. Ba—ba, kid I have a dickie for a ice-creab code? ?

SMACK! ! ! ! !

XXXIII

ISIDOR HAS AN ARITHBETIC EXAPPLE—LOOY, DOT
DOPE, IS TROO

First Floor—Isidor F.—Baba, do by arithbetic
exapple for be?

Mr. F.—Aha! Exemples I should do you al-
rady, ha? So like dees you'll be promuttet, ha?
A whole day lung he lays, dot goot for notting, in de
school wot he's making dere speetzballs, odder Hal-
ger books he's ridding instat he should pay atten-
tion de titcher so it comes de night time so he geeves
me I should make exemples (SMACK). Tommorrow
(SMACK) dey'll tell you you should say a peaze—



so you'll call me I should ritzite for you in de front
from de cless yat maybe "Bob-Hair Freetchie"—ha?

(SMACK.) Odder you'll be a dantist so'll come in a costemer witt a tootache in de faze so you'll come to me I should pull heem out de toot, ha? Deed I esked mine fodder he should make me examples? When I was in you age——

Looy—Adda boy, tell em how ya lassooed all the mosquitoes in County Kriminchook.

Mr. F.—Aha! You're here, dope? ? Somebody sant for you? ? Gerradahere queeck odder I'll geeve you witt de book in de had, beeg as you are! Noo, goot-for-notting, where is de exemple? ?

Isidor—Here—Bissus Sbith has twetty-seved cows, ad Bissus Burphy has twicet as beddy chickeds as Farber Browd's hed lays eggs. Dow, if wud-half of the dubber of pails of bilk that Bissus Sbith's cows give cost seved tibes as buch as wud-teth as buch as Bissus Burphy's chickeds cost per poud—how buch bore would Farber Browd get for a duzzed eggs if three tibes the dubber of calfs that Bissus Sbith's cows had was equal to wud ad wud-teth tibes bore thad the dubber of worbs that Bissus Burphy's chickeds catch id twetty-four hours, if each chicked catches seved ad a half worbs id three bid-dits ad ted secods?

Mr. F.—Um-hmmmmmm!! Mmm— Hmm! Um hmmm!! Hmm—Mmm!!! Lat's we'll see,

Meesus Smeet hez twenteh-savan cows! Is no??
So hex hiquills a cow!! So—Hmmm-m—lat's
we'll geeve a——

Looy—Nope, they ain't no answers in the back of
the book, pop!

Mr. F.—Somebody hesked you a hopinion, dope?
Gerradahere queeck odder I'll—— So if it lays itch
han a hagg—mm—wait—gimme witt de tootpeecks
—So itch tootpeeck raprisants a cheecken—So now
we'll gonna——

Looy—Wait a minnit, I'll call up the lumber
yard and gitcha some tootpicks.

Mr. F.—Why you should call opp a lomber yod?
Take batter hout from you domb had wot it's fool
from wood!



Mrs. F.—Looy go way, you shouldn't annoying
de papa!!

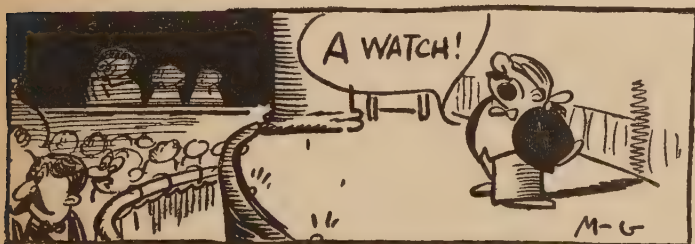
Looy—Who's annoyin im? I'm helpin im——

Mr. F.—So seex witt a hate ploss fife times fur witt trickwoddors, how motch it feegures?

Looy—See next week's Red Magic! ! Ha ha! ! ! I think I'll getcha to figger up me next year's income tax fer me, pop—ha ha! 'At's a hot one! Me income tax! ! ! Air inspector fer Street, Walker & Co. ! ! !

Mrs. F.—Dope, sharrop alrady——

Mr. F.—Hm-m-m-m! Tree-feefts from a cheecken—Moltiply by feefty-seex witt a heff woims—So it hiquills—Hm-m—wait. Meesus Smeet hez twenteh-savan cows—so it diwides de—mm-mm—hex ploss why—ploss—mm—itch cow—mm—hedded opp witt a dozen hagg, so is—mm—WAIT—Meesus Smeet hez twenteh-savan cows——



Looy—Stick wid it, pop. When ya git done, go out and ketch me thoity-five raindrops! ! ! Ha ha!

Mrs. F.—Shhhhh! Kipp closed alrady de fullish mout.

Mr. F.—So seex witt savan it hedds opp toi-teen——

Looy—Hooray!!! Fine, kid!!! Ya oughta do an act on Loew's witt de Chinaman 'at guesses numbers blindfolded.

CRASH!!!!

Mrs. F.—Deedn't I told you!

Looy—Awright—'at settles it—I'm troo witt dis house. He can't sock me witt no book, an' git away wid it! This ain't the Dutch Army, y'know! This is a free country! I don't hafta stay here an' stand fer 'at stuff. I kin git a room!!! I'll show 'im——

Isidor—Baba—Did you fide the answer, yet?

Mr. F.—(SMACK)!!!! A queeck soivice you want, ha—?? (SMACK) A rabid fire hedding machine I bicaame all from a sodden, ha? (SMACK) Deed I gave you (SMACK) a wreeten gerrentee (SMACK) wot I'll gonna deleeever it to you (SMACK) prowmptilly? (SMACK.) De hanswer (SMACK) I know lung ago! Bot I want wot you (SMACK) goot-for-notting—you should feegure heem hout yousalf, for you own goot—(SMACK)!!!

Mrs.—Mowriss, not in de had!!!

XXXIV

**CHOLLEH CHEPLIN IN PEECTCHER WERRY APPIL-
LING—COMRAT, DOT DOPE, HED IT A
MANTLE EPPARATION**

Second Floor—Hm, deed we nilly hed it a feet from leffing in teeatre lest night, Mrs. Feitlebaum!!! Was a scrim!!!

First Floor—Wot was? ?

Second Floor—Don't esk—I tut wot I'll gonna hev compulsions from leffing——

First Floor—Oh, a historical etteck you minn? From wot?

Second Floor—From Cholleh Cheplin!

First Floor—Cholleh Cheplin you saw?—Yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi! So how was?

Second Floor—Hmmmmmm—seemply acksquee-sette!!! He's sotch a dollink, wot one minute he makes you could rur from leffing und gredually in de naxt minute it becomes so sed, wot it could make you you should cry—is werry appilling to de emulsions.

First Floor—So how deed it was de peectcher?

Second Floor—Was so. It stotts opp wot de sinn

from de peectcher it's de "Fruzzen Nutt"—wot it all feeled opp witt a beeg kraut from pippel wot itch one is a prospectus from a gold mine!!! So it comes along Cholleh—hm—sotch a conical appearance wot he makes witt de het, witt mustish, witt de cane—so he was wukking along on de hadge from a cleef wot it was werry high de ettitude—so he commanced yat to sleep——

First Floor—He was tired?

Second Floor—Was sleepery, so he slept—so den it stoddod opp a snusstum witt a bleezard—mmm—woister ivvin from a horrorcaine!! So was dere Cholleh all alone in a leedle kebin witt a comrat, wot dey deedn't hed notting to itt!!

First Floor—Yi, yi, yi, yi, yi!

Second Floor—Wait yat! So de comrat, dot dope, was soffering from honger so motch, dot he had it a mantle epparition—wot he bicame diluted wot Cholleh was rily a cheecken!! So he stoddod in to chase Cholleh witt a hexe wot he should make from him maybe a freakazee, so is locky wot it came along a Polo bear wot dey queeck shod heem witt a gon, so dey ate him opp.

First Floor—Rimockable!!

Second Floor—So in de minntime Cholleh got a job shuffling snow wot he could inwite a dencer



from a dence hall she should come to a poddy New Year's Heave, bickus he was werry motch infected from her.

First Floor—Byoodiful!

Second Floor—Bot she deedn't hed it any seerous intantions—she rigodded heem like a juk, but jost she should kipp opp de foss she agridd wot she'll gonna come.

First Floor—So santimantal!

Second Floor—Hm, deed he was gliffull! !
Sotch a raparations wot he made, it should be a socksess de poddy. So in de minntime was going on in de Dence Hall sotch a raffelry wit excitament wot she complittly forgot hall about Cholleh! !

First Floor—Yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi! ! !

Second Floor—So you should see dere on de scrinn a sed sinn, Mrs. Feitlebaum, wot he was all alone, Cholleh, in de ampty houze—you should see a luke on his faze from griff witt sorrow—sotch a appilling luke—wot I was golping witt sneefing—so he was leestening how it came flutting acruss in de hetmospere de nuts from a sung wot dey was sinking in de Dence Hall—Uld Leng Zion! ! Was hot-rendering! !

First Floor—Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

Second Floor—So one night he was slipping witt

de comrat agan in de kebin—so it stodd opp anodder stum—hm, you should see a weend wot it was blowing—wot de kebin was slighting all arond de whole Klowndike like a slat——

First Floor—A slat?

Second Floor—Yeh, from a reindeer a slat. So de weend blew de kebin wot it gredually stopped so dey was tittering on de hadge from a prassapiss!! Opp witt don, beck witt futt, too with frau!! Was tittering like a sissaw! Was a werry cricketal seet-uation!! So Cholleh gave a sleep yat wot he was henging out in de hair!

First Floor—So wat was?

Second Floor—So it dewaloped wot dey fond jost outside from de kebin a mine witt gold full from noggits. So dey gredually bicame meelion-aires. So dey came home on a stimmbutt. So you should see on de stimmbutt wot he was all drassed opp witt a seelk het witt a for coat so he was so epsom-minded—so from fuss from hebit he peecks opp yat from de dack a tsigar-bott. I was so lef-fing!!! So by a strange co-innocence was ulso de dencer from de Dence Hall on de butt, so dey gredually got merried!



